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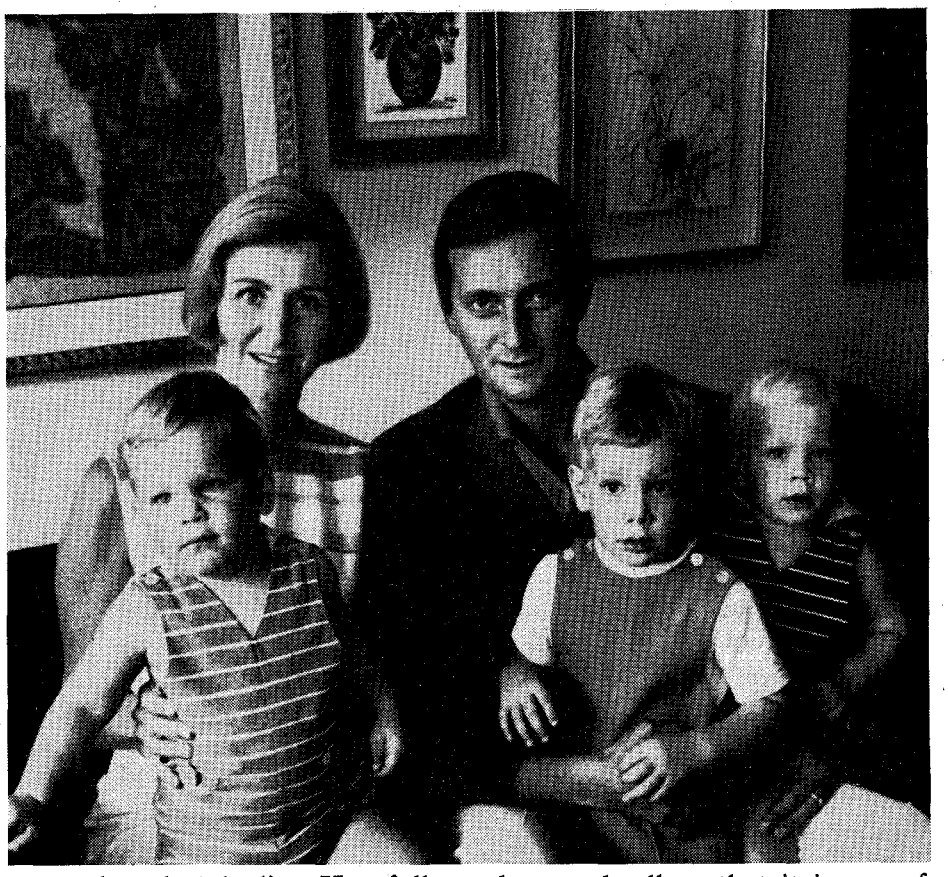

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The Quality of Muskie

When Muskie was a boy he bathed once a week in a tin tub heated on top of the stove; and whether he will be next President I don't know. His father – name of Marciszewski, shortened by the immigration man – ran a small tailor shop in the hill-town of Rumford, Maine. And his son, Edmund, ran one percentage point over Mr. Nixon (43 percent to 42 percent) when Harris made his October poll. But then, Mr. Nixon was never much for personal popularity. Lacks charm or something.

The trouble with Muskie is that we don't really know where he stands, or what he is, and the next year is going to be the painful process of finding out, while he occupies the most difficult position offered in American politics, front-runner. It's a cruel process, no doubt about it; he will have no privacy and everything he does or says or the way he wears his shaggy brown wiglike hair (down close to his collar) or the length of his sideburns (to the top of his earlobe), will be commented upon and offered as some kind of a test. It is ordeal by publicity and has saved America from a lot of bloopers. You don't like Muskie? No, says the woman; I don't like his long head, or his big nose, or the way when he smiles the lower lip is thrust out an eighth of an inch further than the upper, on his big moose jaw.

That's the kind of thing ahead of us for (oh, dear me) maybe two years.

Questions of personality, of course, are a lot more important than looks. Sure, Nixon handed him the kind of TV opportunity politicians dream about, a chance to follow a bad speech, terribly recorded. It could give him the Democratic nomination and maybe the election. With a set-up like that all Mister Sincerity had to do was to be low-keyed, look hurt, and utter some noble words. Muskie did it. Yes, he did it splendidly. He was type-cast for the part. He was born being low-keyed. His preliminary protesting utterance on entering the world was probably placatory.

But that just isn't enough. The question is, can Senator Muskie lead and fight, can he get mad; is there any fire in his belly? That, I submit, we don't know. He was no crusader against Vietnam; the record indicates that he didn't like the war but he didn't get up and become a leader on it. On another subject a fellow Democrat is irked at him because on several occasions he declined to make a fight for a position of leadership in the Senate party apparatus.

He was out in front on environment; he was working on that before the thing was rightly invented; but it is typical that after all the years of low-keyed effort Ralph Nader's outfit last May charged him with being wishy-washy. Sure, he is a "friendly, engaging legislator," Nader said at one point, but the regional standards he got through are full of loopholes, and the 1967 Air Quality Act lacks implementation. The Nader report called him "an extremely astute politician who by temperament avoids conflict and unfavorable odds."

This reporter attended Muskie's hour-long press conference rebuttal and I came away feeling that the rangy senator made a good defense, had been unfairly used, and that the report put out by a Nader subsidiary group was unfortunate and smart-alecky. But the situation was somehow typical.

"I can't be something I'm not; I can't change the way I am," he says. He did wonderfully well in the 1968 campaign; he had a way of disarming rude young stormtrooper hecklers that was magical. Maybe, after Nixon, that is what we need.

Most politicians remind us of some animal – a wolf, say, or a fox, or a jaguar; Muskie calls to mind a Maine moose; large, loosely-hung with a lot of reserve power, who has a relaxed way of moving around without drawing too much unfriendly attention but who will in a pinch, under given circumstances, use those big antlers to put up a magnificent fight. It's the fighting part that we don't know.

Terrence Wills of the *Toronto Globe & Mail* in an article headed "Sincerity in Maine," observed that Muskie doesn't wave and hammer at you in his delivery: "Rather, he talks lonnnng pauses to you. Their length varies, from a short pensive pause in personal conversation to a nine-months-pregnant pause during a speech, when he will look slowly about at his audience and perhaps unhurriedly take a long drink of water."

Could the US get used to that? It would be funny to see it, at a Muskie White House press conference. Mr. Nixon hasn't had such a conference now since July; he was communicating last week through a 70-minute background briefing with nine sympathetic moderate - to - conservative columnists, telling them of his great "victory" in the midterm election.

Famous Victory?

There is something strange and fey in the way Mr. Nixon insists that he "won" the election; attempting stubbornly to prove it with intricate statistics.

He has briefed his Cabinet; he has briefed the White House staff, and now he has briefed the syndicated columnists, and meanwhile White House counsellor Robert Finch has been circularizing the rest of us with printed matter.

This reporter doesn't think the GOP won, he thinks it was a stand-off numerically, but that isn't the point. The effort to stampede the American voter by divisive and ignoble slogans failed; the voter wasn't stampeded, he performed awe-inspiring ballot-splitting all over the country.

What is disconcerting is Mr. Nixon's jittery determination to prove his case and his apparent need for self-justification. More than that, he fails to grasp that one can win and yet diminish the Presidency. Hugh Sidey in *Life* refers to the "11th-hour orgy of tawdry histrionics." The conservative and stoutly Republican Washington *Evening Star* brings itself reluctantly to write, "Mr. Nixon would do well to consider whether the GOP's limited victory – if it is accepted as such – was worth the bitterness and hurt engendered by his tactics and his Vice President's rhetoric." The rest of us see that; can't the White House?

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Friends And Enemies

There are rumbles about a dangerous drift in this country toward neo-isolationism. The danger is real, but it is not the Senator Fulbrights who are responsible for it. They do want to pull out of a degrading war in Asia, for that ruinous conflict itself is a major cause of revulsion against any and all foreign entanglements. But the Fulbrights do not want to isolate America from the East or the West. It is not they who, in their dreams, see mankind divided between saved and sinners, choosing for America only the very exclusive company of the former. It is the President of the United States who dreams that dream and is driven by it to withdraw into a contracting circle of "friends."

We had an example of this last May, when the Administration jumped on Henry Ford for having accepted an invitation to visit Russia to discuss building an automobile plant there. It jumped on him because Defense Secretary Melvin Laird claimed that the Russians plotted to use Ford to make trucks that would be shipped to North Vietnam. Some trucks might have been shipped to Hanoi; the Soviet Union does supply North Vietnam. But those supplies are dwarfed 30 to 1 by American aid to Saigon. And anyhow, the Russians wanted the trucks for themselves. Nevertheless, Ford had to abandon its project, and Mr. Ford commented somewhat bitterly that the Soviet invitation had been accepted in good faith, "because it is the expressed policy of the United States government to encourage trade with eastern European countries." That had been the State Department's impression, too, which is why it okayed the Ford deal in the first place. But Mr. Laird, not Secretary Rogers, had the ear of the President.

In September, Universal Oil of Chicago lost an order to build part of a Polish refinery, because the Administration refused to grant an export license; Poland trades with our enemy, North Vietnam. Here again, the arrangement had State Department blessing (the Rumanians received identical American equipment back in 1967), but the Department was overruled and the Pentagon prevailed. Neither the Russians nor the Poles were asking for anything free (as our "friends" do); nor were they asking to be handed blueprints for the latest US anti-ballistic missile. Why the White House refusal? What

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prompts the Administration to block even such small steps toward normal trade relations? And how, given decisions such as these, can the President hope to move from confrontation and toward that era of negotiations he promised us in his inaugural address?

Indochina, of course, has distorted our perspective; that is not new. To be a "friend" of Lyndon Johnson was to refrain from open skepticism about his Vietnam operations. But Mr. Nixon's behavior, and not only toward Communist regimes, suggests that Vietnam is not the full explanation. What we see re-emerging is the Richard Nixon of 1950, the Cold Warrior. It is not only that the President builds no bridges; he detonates plans to lay bridges. That could not be his intention; he could not deliberately be seeking to foreclose opportunities for peaceful coexistence. But intentions aside, the practical result is a widening gulf not only between America and what used to be called "the Communist world," but between America and Europe, America and Africa and Asia, and even much of Latin America.

For the world moves, and even the World's Greatest Power can do little to stop it. Eastern Europe, following Rumania's lead in 1967, is headed toward full diplomatic relations with West Germany. France, Italy and West Germany are helping the Polish five-year development plan, a vital component of which is the Plock Oil Refinery where the Nixon Administration barred our participation. Fiat is building cars in the Soviet Union and would if it could, happily build the trucks Mr. Ford will not build. The Iron Curtain that has divided Europe has not been dismantled, but it is getting to look more and more like a sieve. And yet, the list of American exports to Communist countries that require licenses under the Trade Administration Act is longer than that of any other NATO nation.

No matter how insistently we badger them, few of our NATO allies have much use for the idea of throwing a noose around Castro Cuba's neck. And no matter how ardently we play on their sympathies (or their dependence), fewer and fewer of our "friends" have any faith in the American determination to "contain" Communist China. Last week, Canada and Italy joined the growing number of nations which have envoys in Peking; Belgium and Austria are likely to follow. West Germany is already mainland China's largest trading partner. The barriers erected against China at the door of the United Nations are breaking down. Yet the most the Nixon Administration is willing to concede is that it might not oppose China's entry to the UN, *if* Taiwan is not expelled. Meanwhile, Chiang Kai-shek is given another $157 million worth of arms; his aging troops on Taiwan have cost the American taxpayer about $5 billion to date; and Americans still participate in his military rehearsals, named "Forward Thrust," which are aimed at the mainland.

Sometimes the Administration's shortcircuiting of contacts seem explicable only in terms of ineptness. Thus, its recent snubbing of India, Zambia and Tanzania. The leaders of all three have been critical of our policy in Vietnam. India in particular has called for unconditional withdrawal of US troops. But that is flimsy justification for the cold-shouldering of Indira Gandhi by US officials, both in New Delhi and in New York, when she flew to the United Nations' 25th anniversary. And when Mrs. Gandhi declined Mr. Nixon's invitation to dine at the White House with other government heads, it was not just because of personal pique. The Administration's resumption of arms to Pakistan – fighter and bomber aircraft and other weapons – has the Indians thoroughly alarmed; they are unpersuaded that the arms are necessary to prevent Pakistan's getting too chummy with Peking. Pakistan, naturally, will take the aid and go right on backing mainland China's entry to the United Nations.

Having discombobulated Mrs. Gandhi, Mr. Nixon then pulled last minute switches on the presidents of Zambia and Tanzania. Both Kenneth Kaunda and Julius Nyerere were anxious to see him during their visit for the UN meeting. It was the second time in a year the White House had turned down Nyerere, and Mr. Nixon was too busy campaigning in the South to find time for Kaunda. China, meanwhile, is building Zambia and Tanzania a railroad (to employ 14,000 Chinese), and is busy elsewhere in Africa, while the Nixon Administration's policy centers on trying to replace Belgian financial influence in the Congo with American – and on keeping Ethiopia on "our side." The US donates $300 per Ethiopian soldier, compared to $1 per head for economic aid to all the rest of Africa.

The United States is far from being alone in the world; neo-isolation has not gone that far. Spain is to receive fighter bombers, artillery and American instructors; the full-scale military aid to Greece that President Johnson halted has been resumed; Thailand, Laos and now Cambodia get big US subsidies; we are tied to Thieu-Ky by an investment of around $100-billion so far, and watch the next two budget deficits for additions. But we are not buying friends, we are buying trouble.

COMING: a clarifying report by Ralph E. Lapp on power, people and pollution

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The Gag Comes off Kent

There was no legal basis for muzzling witnesses or preventing peaceful demonstrations against the county grand jury which indicted 25 persons on riot charges, while clearing the National Guardsmen who killed four Kent State University students last May 4. So ruled a US District Court in Cleveland November 3. The order of silence, the court said, had been "overly broad." It may have been legitimate to ask witnesses not to disclose what they had said or learned in the grand jury proceedings, but it was a violation of the First Amendment to require them to be mute in the face of a one-sided report. That report, said the court, "goes far beyond considerations of the offenses on which the indictments are based" in its criticism of persons who were not indicted (the president and administration of Kent, professors, students), university procedures, and academic freedom itself. The grand jury had not limited itself to indicting or refusing to indict but had raised "social, political, and moral questions" which merit public debate: "If there is a rebuttal to be made to the report," said the court, "now is the time that it must be permitted."

The Portage County Common Pleas Judge, the District Court implied, had used "an axe when a scalpel is required." He might reasonably have restricted the size, the route, the time and the location of demonstrations, if he saw in them a "clear and present danger." He might have insisted on "compliance with local licensing" procedures. But to prohibit only those demonstrations pertaining to the Kent grand jury, constituted "selective discrimination," illegal prior restraint, and a violation of the right to peaceful assembly.

The Cleveland Court thus restored First Amendindict but had raised "social, political, and moral ment rights to the 300 witnesses. Demonstrations are again legal in Portage County.

The President of Kent State, Robert White, had been singled out by the special grand jury as bearing major responsibility for the events that ended in four deaths. His administration had been too "permissive." In Washington last week, White delivered his long-awaited rebuttal. In a statement remarkably free of personal rancor, White said that "the grand jury report was inaccurate, disregarded clear evidence, and if pursued in all its nuances, would eventually destroy not only Kent State but all major universities in America. The right to dissent is not the right to destroy. The academic community is not to be considered a sanctuary for those who wish to disobey the laws. But neither is the academic community a place where ideas – no matter how offensive – are to be suppressed. . . . The comments in the grand jury report about campus speakers are judicially naive as well as fundamentally unworkable and ultimately undesirable."

But White would not be pushed further. The grand jurors had "made every effort to report honestly," though they exhibited a "misunderstanding" of higher education. He did not suggest that the Guardsmen who fired the shots should be indicted. He granted that the grand jury's findings were "well received among the general public." White himself is the defendant in several damage suits arising from last May; his wife "has been through hell"; a Kent alumnus is demanding his replacement on the grounds that he is a "permissivist libertarian." It's a bad time for university presidents. "Someday," White told a reporter, "I am going to come clear."

Charles de Gaulle

Few generals are great statesmen. In our age only three come to mind – Charles de Gaulle, Kemal Ataturk and Jan Christian Smuts. And of the three, de Gaulle will surely rank first in history, in part because he wrote his own history in magnificent prose as well as deeds. He was, as Montgomery said of him, "a triton among a multitude of minnows in the Western world." He was a difficult man, because he had strong opinions and the character and leadership to make them stick. He set out to modernize France, and if he did not succeed he did more than his predecessors. His grand design was not the grand design of Washington. Our policy makers envisioned a United States of (Western) Europe, tightly tied militarily to the United States of America; de Gaulle envisioned a Europe "from the Atlantic to the Urals," but a Europe of sovereign states, with France at least first among equals. He had unshakable confidence in his personal destiny and in the grandeur of France. Yet he willed that he be buried with the greatest simplicity, and it was he who extricated France from empire and saved France from civil war. He had learned from the bitter French experience in Indochina and tried, fruitlessly, to pass along that learning to the United States.

He was difficult, but he did not deserve the treatment he received at the hands of the Americans. Franklin Roosevelt ignored and abused him, and Mr. Roosevelt's successors did little to heal the wounds. The prejudice against de Gaulle was extended to all of France. The Eisenhower Administration might have been a bit more enlightened toward the General, had it been permitted to. In 1958, the Administration apparently had in mind permitting France to share atomic secrets, putting the French, finally, on the same basis as the British. But that intention was squashed by the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, which insisted on writing into a bill to provide

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for nuclear sharing with the allies, a specification which only the British could satisfy.

The Kennedy Administration did no better. Much of former Secretary of Defense McNamara's famous Ann Arbor address was directed to the need for a tightly controlled, centrally managed NATO deterrent *which had to be American*. In the course of his exposition, the Secretary condemned the French nuclear effort as expensive, ineffective and stupid. It is not at all remarkable that de Gaulle was so peevish about America throughout the post-war era; Americans were peevish about de Gaulle.

Who Won, Who Lost?

Readers might be interested to know what happened to the 216 peace and new priorities "preferred" candidates for the House and Senate listed in these pages October 24. In percentage terms, a majority of them won, just under 53 percent (114 winners and 102 losers). Ninety-nine of the 216 candidates were incumbents, 117 challengers. Overall, antiwar incumbents were reelected (with important exceptions including Senators Gore, Tydings and Goodell and Representatives Allard Lowenstein and Daniel Button). Among preferred incumbent House Democrats, there were 68 winners and two losers. Among 14 House Republicans, 13 winners and one loser. In the Senate, incumbent Democrats did similarly well: 12 of 14 *NR*-recommended candidates were reelected; of 12 Democratic nonincumbents, four won, 8 lost. Among 97 nonincumbent Democrats running for House seats, 17 won, 80 lost; we listed only one Republican nonincumbent, James W. Shue of New Jersey, and he was defeated.

The gist of these figures is that there was great strength in incumbency; in the main, new priorities and peace candidates already in office were given another term; for the most part, the challengers were beaten back. Nevertheless a few old faces will be gone (and not missed) and there will be at least 17 new Representatives and four new Senators who, in our opinion, show great promise.

As a footnote, in seven contests – two in the Senate and five in the House – we listed *two* candidates, so we inevitably scored 50 percent there. In New York, where we listed Goodell and Ottinger, the third man, Buckley, picked up the marbles. In six races we preferred third party candidates – Liberals and independents. All of them lost.

"I'd have voted, but I was too busy holding up my pants."

Democratic Unity

The split in the Democratic Party looked as formidable as the San Andreas Rift up until four days before this November election. Then antiwar commandos joined with former Johnson *capos* to lend, if not give, their support to Senator Edmund S. Muskie as the party's spokesman on national television.

"Nobody could have brought us together but Richard Nixon," said Geoffrey Cowan, the young Washington attorney and former McCarthy backer who started it all. Learning that Mr. Nixon would try to squeeze political juice from the San Jose stoning incident, Cowan called Joseph Califano – a former top aide to Lyndon Johnson – to suggest that Senator Muskie be encouraged to rebut Nixon on election eve. Califano got in touch with Sam Brown, McCarthy's youth coordinator in 1968, who in turn contacted W. Averell Harriman. More Democrats were enlisted, including Harry McPherson, another former Johnson aide, and Jay Rockefeller, a Kennedy type and West Virginia's Secretary of State.

All were convinced Muskie was the man. An ad hoc group, the "Committee for National Unity" (financed mainly by a repayable loan from former Ambassador Harriman), was hastily raised as an umbrella for the group's efforts. The Muskie machine began preparing for the opportunity that would raise the Maine

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Senator to the rank of undisputed frontrunner for the 1972 Democratic Presidential nomination. Dick Goodwin, itinerant speechwriter and acknowledged as the best in the business, was recruited. Humphrey's 1968 media man, Robert Squier, handled the taping of Muskie's 15-minute broadcast.

The result juxtaposed Muskie's calm appeal for common sense with Mr. Nixon's arm-waving dip into demagoguery. Muskie had never been in better form, nor Mr. Nixon in worse form – partly as a result of the Republicans' selection of a poor tape of a campaign speech to a large crowd in Phoenix. Will the Democrats' ad hoc coalition stay together? Probably not. Already, some Muskie loyalists have downgraded speechwriter Goodwin's contribution to the impressive speech. Cowan, who triggered it all, says he really doesn't support Muskie for President. Nevertheless, Muskie is now 10 laps ahead of everyone else for the nomination. Which goes to show what the Nixnew power of negative thinking can do.

Getting the Lead Out

The scramble by the major oil companies to produce unleaded and low lead gasoline does not offer the assurance of clean air that the public expects. Producing low lead and unleaded gasoline may increase the amount of total lead pollution of our atmosphere, for almost every oil company marketing low lead and unleaded gas will at the same time increase the amount of lead that goes into its leaded gasoline. The reason is technical but not incomprehensible.

Unless you use gasoline of sufficient octane for your automobile engine, the fuel will burn unevenly. This causes knock and damages the engine. There is a limited amount of high octane gasoline directly distilled from petroleum – straight-run gasoline – which oil companies are using in their unleaded and low lead grades. Most gas has lead added to it to fuel powerful American cars, lead being the simplest and cheapest way to raise the octane level. A more expensive way, primarily used by *Amoco*, is to alter the octane level chemically. Industry's conversion to this process will take at least two years and $4-10 billion, and will pose another danger: a serious increase in hydrocarbon pollution with its cancer-causing potential.

Currently there is not enough high octane, straight-run gasoline to de-lead all gasolines. As larger amounts of the straight-run gas are siphoned off to the low lead and unleaded grades, the supply is reduced for the other, leaded products. Industry must then fill this gap with increased lead additions. The consequence is a rise in the *average* lead level of gasolines.

Over 200,000 tons of lead enter the earth's atmosphere each year, 95 percent of it from automobile exhaust. Atmospheric lead can penetrate deeply into the respiratory system and be retained and absorbed. Some Americans now have one-half as much lead in their bodies as it takes to cause acute lead poisoning – gastrointestinal disorders, vascular diseases and nerve palsy. According to the National Air Pollution Control Administration, city dwellers continuously exposed to heavy automobile fumes are showing evidence of the biochemical abnormalities that precede critical lead poisoning.

There are things the individual can do to reduce lead pollution. He can continue to use low-lead gasoline. But he can do more, with the help of the oil companies. Most car owners use too high-octane a gas. The lower the octane, the less lead and smog-forming hydrocarbons released into the air. But there is no way now to tell what octane gas you are buying, or whether the octane number in a particular blend of gas is standard every time you fill up at the same pump. Octane standards should be uniform within the industry, and octane numbers should be posted on gasoline pumps. The blend pump which Sun Oil uses allows many octane grades of gas, instead of the two or three which other companies offer.

Industry has bitterly opposed these reforms, just as it once opposed unleaded gas. Posted octane ratings would make the consumer aware of the arbitrariness of gasoline prices. Major oil companies regularly exchange gasolines, so there is no reason to buy a major, rather than a cut-rate brand. Also, buying a lower octane gasoline would cut into the excess profits companies make on premium grades.

Substantial support for the fight against lead pollution has come from the federal government, which, so far, has shown inadequate foresight. For example, the Public Health Service properly supports low lead and unleaded gasoline. Yet it approves very high lead allowances in leaded gasoline – up to 4 cc. per gallon. And even this maximum has no binding legal force; it is now overstepped without penalty. Total lead pollution will increase if unleaded gasolines are not accompanied by restrictions on the amount of lead allowed in leaded gas. President Nixon's order that federal vehicles use unleaded or low lead gas when practical, and a contemplated tax on leaded gasoline, will not solve the problem of lead pollution.

The government should require an orderly, year by year, reduction in the *average* lead concentration of all gasolines produced by a company, as well as a systematic regulation of all fuel additives, with annual reports to the Federal Trade Commission. Octane numbers should be standardized and appear on gas tanks. The Federal Trade Commission has the authority now to require this labelling.

More fundamental: The government is not able to

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forecast the levels of atmospheric lead pollution for the future. No pollution control study has yet been undertaken to assess the oil industry's capacity to convert to unleaded fuel without increasing the lead content of their leaded gasoline. This has got to be done.

A growing consensus among the nation's leading scientists and engineers is that the only realistic solution to the auto emissions problem is something other than the internal combustion engine. Until an alternative power source is utilized, it seems probable that lead and hydrocarbon pollution are going to increase, no matter what we buy at the gas station. To expect that anti-pollution devices will be a panacea is self-deluding.

Recent disclosures by the National Air Pollution Control Administration indicate that between 75 and 80 percent of so-called "clean" vehicles on the road fail to meet existing, low federal standards. Since 1968 the American people have paid an estimated one to one-and-a-half billion dollars for tack-on devices which do not work. As anti-pollution standards are made more stringent and more sophisticated control devices are developed by the expected date of 1975, there is no reason to believe they will work successfully either. Only one tankful of leaded fuel can destroy many of these devices. Also, because present high octane automobiles will not be scrapped until they wear out, auto pollution will continue long after the introduction of scheduled low octane cars and tack-on devices.

Individual members of the Commerce Department's Technical Advisory Board Panel on Automobile Fuels and Air Pollution doubt that pollution will be under control by 1975. Privately, they admit that the government is hamstrung by the commitments industry has made to clean up the internal combustion engine and by its consequent neglect of the development of an alternative such as steam or electric power.

As the Ethyl Corporation exhorts: "Let's do something about pollution. But let's do the *right thing*." It's time to get serious about lead and hydrocarbon pollution, before we suffocate in our own exhausts.

James B. Sullivan & Albert J. Fritsch

Student Bargaining

The fighting in Vietnam may end; student activism will not. Student concern will become centered around issues more directly affecting to the universities, their internal policies as well as their relationship to the community. How, then, are we to avoid the sometimes tragic consequences of campus unrest and the establishment's reaction to it? The answer may lie in collective bargaining, similar to that which goes on between labor unions and business.

Do students actually have anything which they can withhold on order to put pressure on the administration to comply with their demands? They do. A university contains many business-like components. Student pressure could be directed at these individual components, or the university as a whole. For example, a student boycott of a university food service or bookstore would be damaging. An athletic department might be quite willing to negotiate if it is faced with a student boycott of football games.

Negotiations on broad policy issues could be forced by a university-wide strike, a boycott of classes as well as the business-like components of the university. Any business is an input-output system. Raw materials and productive factors are the inputs and the final output is, hopefully, some kind of salable product. If a university is to get the funds necessary to stay in business, it must produce. While a university may be judged by other universities on the bases of research and publications, the important factors for a state legislature are, normally, numbers of students and graduates. A university cannot produce if the students do not attend class. The students are in a position not unlike that occupied by the employees of General Motors.

A university-wide strike would not, of course, be easy to pull off. In a prolonged strike, students may lose the financial support of their parents. But regardless of political philosophies or any "generation gap," nothing so moves a parent as a late night phone call from a hungry son or daughter who needs "a few dollars." And if a true campus-wide movement did start, students could take a lesson from the labor movement and set up a strike fund. Many sympathetic faculty members would make their kitchens available to the strikers.

The university is not defenseless. It could give failing grades or expel students. But by giving failing grades to a high percentage of its students, the university works against itself, undermining the input-output system. Needless to say, failing students are not acceptable outputs. One might counter by arguing that a university can attract new students, but I wonder how attractive a university which is "on strike" can be to prospective newcomers and their parents. Moreover, as soon as any students are failed or expelled, their reinstatement and the removal of failing grades would become one of the student demands. Nor can the threat to expel or give failing grades force students to patronize university-operated cafeterias, bookstores or activities. Finally, there is always the hope, however naive, that the administration would be willing to negotiate in order to restore peace.

But a willingness by administrators to negotiate in "good faith" would require a radical change in the attitudes of most. They would not only have to recognize the importance of the students to the operation of the

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university, but concede that students have a vested interest in, are affected by, university policies and the stance the university takes in the community. This would mean abandoning the paternalistic attitude of many administrators, an attitude not unlike that of many business managements during the 1930s.

An even less likely occurrence which would promote the use of collective bargaining and peaceful settlement of student-administrator differences would involve legislation to protect the student strikers from expulsion. It was only after organized labor was protected by the Wagner Act that violence and the bitterness of confrontation began to diminish. Given our present mood, however, any legislation to protect the rights of students to organize, negotiate and strike is out of the question. Unfortunately, it is in a political atmosphere such as this and for reasons such as these that violence erupts. John Dewey said it in *The New Republic* of November 9, 1918: "Not the least of the many evils bred by the cult of domestic suppression and suspicion is that besides an irrational submissiveness among the cowardly it cultivates an irrational rebelliousness in others."

Jeffrey Harrison

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The Prohibition Of Marijuana

Although the present debate over the safety of marijuana is important, the forest of alleged facts should not obscure the question whether or not it should be legalized. No responsible person says that marijuana is completely safe. It is a drug – like alcohol, tobacco, cortisone, aspirin and antibiotics – and every drug has its dangers. But even a relatively high degree of danger would not of itself justify making the smoking or possession of marijuana a crime. The pertinent question here is whether the harm done by a drug approximates the harm done by laws attempting to suppress it.

In the case of alcohol, our Prohibition experience was enough to convince most of us that the law did more harm than good, and it was repealed. The laws against marijuana have made criminals of approximately a third of our younger population and encouraged widespread disrespect for law enforcement, for law in general and for the society that maintains such laws. The laws have made a joke of drug education and increased the popularity of the drug culture, which also proselytizes for the amphetamines, LSD and even heroin. Finally, the laws have necessitated an enormous diversion of law enforcement resources, and at a time when it's unsafe to walk the streets of most cities at night. And what has this investment produced? Marijuana is freely available to almost anyone who wants it.

For those who do not appreciate the harm the marijuana laws are doing, misinformation about the drug's dangers makes the resolution of the social policy issue that much more difficult. Exaggerated warnings, rather than convincing people to lay off, feed a growing cynicism about authoritative statements. In turn, this helps weaken restraints on the taking of more dangerous drugs – on the theory that if authoritative sources are wrong about marijuana they may be wrong about LSD, amphetamines and heroin. Take, for example, the statement of Frank Bartimo, Assistant General Counsel of the Defense Department, testifying before a House Armed Services subcommittee: "Marijuana is an extremely dangerous drug. There are growing scientific compilations which show that a sufficient dose can cause irreversible brain damage." Unless Mr. Bartimo had in mind a dose so large that it would choke the animal, there is absolutely no scientific evidence at all for his claim.

Other reports, though technically correct, are subject to misinterpretation. For instance, *The New York Times*, in its issue of Wednesday, October 14, and of the following Sunday, reported that Dr. Vincent de Paul Lynch of St. John's University had, under laboratory conditions, allowed pregnant mice and rats to breathe the smoke from the equivalent of one marijuana cigarette a day for 10 days and found that these animals more often produced defective offspring. That report illustrates the virtue of the customary scientific constraints on premature publication. Dr. Lynch has not yet even written up his experiment. When he does, other scientists will be very interested in knowing how he made sure that the mice received the "equivalent" of one cigarette, and what strains of mice and rats he used. Determining the equivalency of different doses of a drug in different species is a tricky problem, as was proven some years ago when one of the most able and imaginative psychiatrists in the nation accidentally killed an elephant with a dose of LSD.

In such experiments as Dr. Lynch's, one does not use just any mice or rats, one uses one of the thousands of available inbred strains. Although this eliminates any random genetic variables in pharmacological testing, it results in experiments on only one particular gene pool. Since gene pools vary enormously in their reaction to different substances, it is hard even to extrapolate the data on rats or mice of one strain to those of a different strain, let alone to humans. On the most common dramatic type of damage reported by Dr. Lynch – cleft palate in the mice – we know that one strain of mouse, the CBL-50, will react to a great

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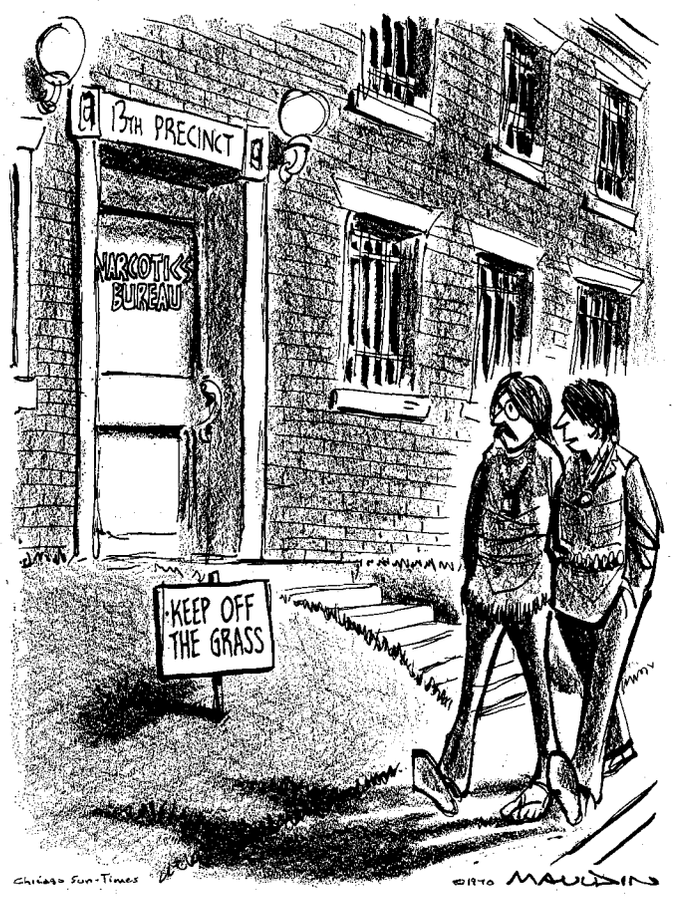
variety of stresses by bearing offspring with a cleft palate. In another strain, the SMA, caffeine causes a cleft palate. A telephone call to Dr. Lynch revealed that he used a CF-1 strain of mouse, a strain whose vulnerability to cleft palate or other fetal damage is simply unknown.

The problem of reaction to stress by different strains of inbred mice also probably explains another matter. According to the *Times*, "More disturbing to Dr. Lynch was the appearance of the same defects in the next two generations after the damaged mice were mated. This finding implicated genetic damage. . . ."

Any geneticist will assert that this is pure Lysenkoism. Even fetally acquired characteristics are not inherited. The palate is formed long after the genetic material, and the chance that a drug would damage the palate in the unborn mice and at the same time cause a similar genetic change is almost infinitesimal. It is far more likely that within his inbred strain of mice Dr. Lynch bred those in which stress was most likely to produce a cleft palate. If so, the next generation would be likely to show the cleft palate simply as a reaction to the stress in the pregnant mother of having to live her life with a cleft palate.

In short, on the issue of genetic damage from marijuana the evidence is short even of a suspicion. On the issue of fetal damage the most we can safely say is that "it's something less than smart for pregnant women to smoke marijuana," adding, however, that this applies also to the use of all sorts of other drugs, such as cortisone, antibiotics, and even large amounts of vitamins that have been similarly implicated in birth defects. Moreover, experiments apart, we can have a certain confidence that marijuana cannot be a very serious cause of birth defects. There has been no noticeable rise in birth defects during the past five years in heavy marijuana-using areas such as the East and West coasts. Nor, for that matter, has any such correlation been noted in India, where marijuana use is endemic.



"Man, that's adding insult to injury."

Although the effects of marijuana on the unborn have received the most publicity in the last couple of weeks, the *Times* said, "What concerns Dr. Lynch and other doctors are reports of psychotic reactions among marijuana smokers. . . ." It went on to point out that 12 American soldiers had been reported to have suffered acute psychotic reactions after using marijuana in Vietnam. Considering the conditions American soldiers live and fight under in Vietnam, one would expect a high rate of psychotic reactions anyway. The psychosis rate has not been shown to be higher in those who smoked marijuana than among those who did not. Furthermore, we have known for many years that marijuana use could cause an acute psychotic reaction. What articles on the dangers of marijuana generally do not reveal is that under normal conditions the danger from this reaction is on the order of magnitude of being struck by lightning. San Francisco, for instance, reported none last year, and one study at a major Los Angeles hospital reported that there were many times more psychotic reactions to patent sedatives which are freely sold over the counter, than to marijuana.

Legislative committee hearings these days give great publicity to any statement reflecting upon the dangers of marijuana. Newspapers seem anxious to print anything that parents can show their wayward children ("I told you so"). But the most that Dr. Sidney Cohen, former head of the Narcotics Addiction and Drug Abuse Division of the National Institute of Mental Health, and an advocate of the continued criminalization of marijuana, has said is that future research may reveal marijuana to be as dangerous as alcohol. If so – and it is quite unlikely under present evidence – marijuana would be a social danger of a familiar magnitude.

People contemplating using marijuana should, of course, be warned, but warning them in misleading terms not only will prove unconvincing, it will postpone our grappling with the basic issue. Do the dangers of the marijuana laws outweigh the dangers of the drug? Put another way, are we repeating the mistake of Prohibition, with a different drug?

John Kaplan

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Rumsfeld's Position

Last-Minute Rescue For Legal Aid?

by Ridgway M. Hall, Jr.

OEO Legal Services, the brightest and most effective program in the war on poverty, has been fighting for survival. Since the program got started in 1965, it has set up some 850 offices now staffed by over 2000 lawyers who help those who can't otherwise afford a lawyer. The kinds of cases they handle include housing and landlord-tenant problems, domestic relations, employment problems, consumer fraud, welfare disputes, and a variety of controversies involving government agencies. 80 percent of the funding is provided by the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), with the balance contributed from state and local sources. Although no federal funding can be used for criminal defense work, a few Legal Services offices have obtained private grants for this purpose.

What distinguishes these operations from traditional legal aid programs is a commitment to law reform, carried out on two fronts: legislative proposals and test cases. To illustrate, Connecticut's Norwalk-Stamford-Danbury Regional Legal Services, Inc., servicing three cities with acute housing problems, drafted fair rent ordinances which were enacted in each of their cities – the first three in the state. In the test case area, New Haven Legal Services has challenged the Connecticut state courts' refusal to permit indigent plaintiffs to proceed *in forma pauperis in* divorce cases, where the court costs can run well over $100. The case is now before the US Supreme Court. More often than not such test cases solve a problem not merely for the particular plaintiff, but for numerous other people.

The impact of Legal Services on the lives of millions of Americans has been substantial, both in terms of results delivered and in the confidence in the system which this new access to legal tribunals has inspired. Thus, one might have thought that the Nixon Administration, with its overriding emphasis on law and order, would have cheered it on; it didn't. And the reason lies in the nature of the law reform work conducted by Legal Services. Frequently the poverty lawyers go into court seeking relief against state or local agencies and officials who are abridging the rights of their clients.

Thus the California Rural Legal Assistance Agency (Cal Rural) won a class action which struck down the state's 90-day separation requirement before a wife can receive welfare. It also filed a successful suit against the Labor Department to compel it to enforce its ban on importing Mexican bracero grape-pickers. In an action against the US Department of Agriculture, Cal Rural got a federal court order requiring the extension of the food stamp program to 58 counties whose impoverished residents had hitherto been excluded from participation. Such practices as retaliatory eviction and the termination of welfare benefits without a hearing have also been struck down by the courts as the result of lawsuits brought by Legal Services attorneys. Major corrections of unjust conditions are seldom achieved without irritating state and local officials whose conduct is found in error by the courts.

Not surprisingly, the fight to kill OEO Legal Services began in California. With the enthusiastic support of Governor Reagan, Senator George Murphy last year introduced an amendment to the Economic Opportunity Act to give the governors veto power over Legal Services activities in their states. The bill caught most Senators unaware and passed almost unnoticed. The evil of the Amendment was that it interfered directly with the attorney-client relationship, and put the poverty lawyer in an impossible position. If his client is aggrieved by the wrongful act of a local agency or official, the lawyer will be extremely reluctant to press his claim for fear that the entire program would be vetoed. Yet failure to represent vigorously the best interests and needs of his client, "free of compromising influences and loyalties" including "economic, political, or social pressures" puts the lawyer in direct violation of Canon 5 of the Code of Professional Responsibility, which defines the ethical standards under which he practices law. Nothing could have been more clearly calculated to kill the law reform efforts of OEO Legal Services.

A parallel bill, known as the Quie-Green Amendment, was introduced in the House of Representatives. Legal Services National Director Terry Lenzner at once called on the House to reject the amendment. The American Bar Association moved quickly to rally the legal community and public opinion at large to Lenzner's support. The response was vigorous from all

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parts of the country. On December 12, 1969, the House voted down Quie-Green, then soundly defeated a motion to recommit the bill.

Congress had spoken, but state pressures continued to mount. The White House was not slow to respond. The first blow was struck at the pocketbook. OEO Director Donald Rumsfeld, whose loyalty to President Nixon is unquestioned, has the job of allocating funds among the various programs within OEO. He is also Terry Lenzner's boss. When the question of appropriations came up this summer, Lenzner requested $90 million for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1971. Much of this was to go for research and new pilot programs, as well as the further extension of legal services to the poor. Rumsfeld coolly put in for $61 million, and advised Lenzner that he should not plan on more than $59 million. This is down from the previous year, and with the harsh effects of inflation some programs will be cut. While substantial new research and development funds are available to OEO this year, none are going to Legal Services.

Rumsfeld made plans to give a whip hand to the states. His "Oklahoma Plan" involved the wholesale transfer of control of OEO programs out of Washington and into the Governors' offices. In the Oklahoma pilot project, Legal Services was excepted, however, and continued to be centrally guided through a simple chain of command from Washington. However, the pressures from state officials mounted to eliminate this exception, and also to extend the plan to other states. Perhaps the one temporary restraint was Rumsfeld's knowledge that to do this would be to do by administrative fiat what Congress declared should not be done when it rejected the Quie-Green Amendment.

So Rumsfeld then conceived a more subtle, though equally disastrous plan. He determined to administratively "regionalize" the Legal Services program. By this he would take the local programs out of the exclusive and direct control of the national and regional Legal Services offices and place them under the OEO regional directors instead.

These regional directors are responsible for the whole range of OEO community action programs. At present only two out of 10 are lawyers, and there is no guarantee that any future appointments will include lawyers. The appointments are political and the appointees picked by Rumsfeld himself. They are beholden to state and local officials, with whom they must work closely on all community action programs. Yet it is these very state and local officials with whom the indigent clients of Legal Services offices are frequently at odds. For certain, the OEO regional directors would have neither the commitment to nor the understanding of the Legal Services programs which the present Legal Services directors have. Moreover, because of their control over the nature of these programs, the funding of them, and the hiring of all staff attorneys, their power to coerce or destroy the programs at the behest of state and local officials would be considerable.

How Legal Services would fare under regionalization is illustrated by the situation in Chicago several years ago, before Legal Services in that city was transferred from local to national control under the Washington office. The Chicago office was then located in the Urban Progress Center along with all kinds of other activities which permitted no privacy for attorney and client to confer. Mayor Daley was the honorary chairman, and the office was closed regularly by the city to permit band practice and karate lessons. The regional director's ruling that no funds would be given to the program unless it accepted a ban on suits against the city was only overcome by a massive effort by the organized bar.

Even without regionalization, Legal Services programs are frequently harrassed by the state. In my own state, Connecticut, the state portion of the programs' operating budgets are furnished by the Department of Community Affairs (DCA). This past August, apparently in reaction to a number of suits against state agencies brought by poverty lawyers, an Assistant Attorney General assigned to DCA prepared a memorandum advising that the New Haven Legal Services program should not be funded for the current year on the ground that it is a corporation and therefore disqualified from the practice of law. Once the ruling was made to stick, it was to be applied to all other Legal Services programs. This legal opinion was given by one of the state's highest ranking law enforcement officers notwithstanding the facts that: 1) the Legal Services offices had been validly chartered as nonstock corporations by the state for the specific purpose of furnishing legal services, 2) DCA had been regularly funding them over the past 3 years, 3) the Legal Services programs had already expended funds for the first 9 months of 1970 based on past practice and letters of intent to fund from DCA, and 4) nearly all state legislatures, including Connecticut's, have approved the use of the corporate entity for the practice of law, and courts have recognized the propriety of nonprofit legal service corporations. Yet only a major effort by Legal Services personnel and other officials saved the program in Connecticut.

However, the Connecticut DCA learns hard, and they are still trying to compel the New London program to agree to use none of its funds for suits against the state.

Early in October, Rumsfeld's regionalization plan came up during hearings before the Senate Subcommittee on Manpower, Employment, and Poverty. Senator Walter Mondale, who chaired the hearings, was outraged, particularly when Rumsfeld at first denied a final decision, but then OEO memoranda revealed that the decision had indeed been made prior to June 8, and

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reconfirmed on August 12 in a memorandum from Deputy Director Wesley Hjornevik to Terry Lenzner with a copy to Rumsfeld.

Meanwhile a group of concerned Congressmen wrote to Mr. Rumsfeld on October 14 urging him to reconsider his decision and hold up on any action pending a report from the National Advisory Committee on Legal Services and further Congressional consideration. The Congressmen noted that, "Opposition [to regionalization] from the American Bar Association, the National Bar Association, the National Legal Aid to Defenders Association, Poverty Lawyers for Effective Advocacy, the National Clients Council, the League of Women Voters, and many state bar associations is based on the fear that such regionalization may have an adverse effect on the professional independence of the attorney and might interfere with the lawyer-client relationship." Among the signers of the letter was Congressman Quie (as in Quie-Green).

On October 30, Terry Lenzner met with the New England Legal Services Project Directors and reported that a month ago he had expressed to Mr. Rumsfeld his sharp opposition to the regionalization plan. Lenzner is solidly supported by the individual project directors and the attorneys in the field. Rumsfeld is said to remain convinced that regional control would improve the management of Legal Services and would not subject the program to indirect state control, as opponents of the change fear. But the opposition has had an effect, and the word at OEO headquarters last week was that Rumsfeld had decided, despite his own preference, to leave Legal Services as it is.

A New Breed: Smart, Skilled, Fanatical

The Palestinian Refugees

by Georgie Anne Geyer

The Palestinian Arabs – those ultimately fanaticized people who just masterfully sabotaged the Middle East peace plan – are not what they seem to be. They are not, as they have widely been pictured, poor. They are not, by and large, uneducated. They are not a people without hope and their cause is not a cause born primarily of depredation and poverty.

What, then, are they? Have we been fooled all these years by those heart-rending pictures of Palestinian refugees held in UN camps "on the borders of their homeland" with empty dinner plates outheld pathetically for an international crust of bread?

Some of the approximately 2.5 million Palestinians living today are poor, but, even in their poverty, even in the admittedly miserable refugee camps, they have had the kind of education and the kind of peculiar historic experience that has made of them a rare "modern people" in the Arab world. Outside of these 600,000 who still live in camps in Jordan, Syria, Lebanon and Gaza, there is a group of nearly 100,000 who are college graduates – one of the highest percentages of university people of any national group in the world. It is nearly impossible, among the 30,000 to 50,000 commandos or "fedayeen" (the Arabic word for "those who sacrifice") to find a leader or sub-leader who is not a doctor, lawyer or literary person.

And in this apparent contradiction, almost unnoticed in the plethora of news coverage of this obstreperous revolutionary movement, lies the fascination of this curious people. They are a revolutionary force in the world today *not* because they are poor and without hope but rather because they *are* the most advanced people in the Arab world. They are so advanced, in fact, that they call themselves, with an oil-and-water mixture of irony, pride and bitterness, "the Jews of the Arab world." It is equally strange – now that we are momentarily past their more recent but certainly not terminal fury of blowing up planes as though they were firecrackers, holding captives as though everyone in the world were there to serve their cause, and causing Arab governments and peace plans to fall like houses of cards – that their furious need for retribution is in a style, both Biblical and postmodern, that is observable elsewhere.

What first gave me an uneasy clue that there was something odd about the picture we've had since 1948

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of the hangdog Palestinian refugee, without land and without future, was the rarefied qualities of the commando movements' "goals." This came to me first as, one night in Cairo, I sat sipping scotch in the antique-filled, lovely apartment of Clovis Maksuud, a Lebanese journalist with the official Egyptian newspaper, *Al Ahram*, who moves in the most intimate and mysterious inner sanctums of the fedayeen. "Israel is an advanced technology at the service of a primitive ideology," Clovis, a short man with intense eyes and a steel-trap mind, was saying in his precise, clipped British English. "We can be a primitive technology at the service of an advanced ideology. The Jews look at us not as human beings but as obstacles. Just remove us . . ." He paused, a pause so pregnant one became expectant. "We must humanize the Jews," he finished.

This same super-intellectualization that informs the entire Palestinian movement was present a few weeks later in Beirut, in the handsome library of Walid Khalidi, the Palestinian political scientist at the American University of Beirut who is a prime guru of the fedayeen students. "Palestine," this unassuming man said in his Oxford accent, "was always our historic crossroads. From our point of view, it's the hub of our area. Our idea is that Zionism was allowed to grow because of the rottenness of Arab society – from that comes the importance of the revolutionary trend of standing up to Israel."

This idea of "purification through confrontation" of the enemy – a word grouping used by Arabs often, and straight out of Franz Fanon – shows the extreme intellectualization of the entire matter. But why, I asked Khalidi, a brilliant man who refuses to indulge in "vulgarizations" about his "Jewish cousins," of all the refugees in the modern world was it only these Palestinian refugees who kept on with this insane insistence upon a return?

"It was the wholeness," he said slowly, "the wholeness of everybody being put across a frontier . . . and not on a time scale to allow the great healer time to do his work. You woke up and you said, 'Am I not in Jaffa? Of course, I must be.' Then, compounding injustice plus insult, there was the closeness of standing in Jerusalem and seeing a Jewish family washing clothes on your balcony. And at the same time, there was the din of applause for your persecutors ringing constantly in your ears."

Now we are getting a little closer to the chorus of furies which drives the Palestinians. While stories differ, it is agreed by most historians that about one million Palestinian Arabs fled the tiny, crowded, imperfect triangle that had been Palestine when it was partitioned into Israel in 1948. Ardent Zionists, including Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir, will agree that there never was a Palestine, that it was only a mandate under the British from 1917 to 1948, and that before that it was a backwater colony of Turkey. But the fact is that it was Arab land and the Arabs who lived there, as feudal and fragmented as they were, had lived there for 2000 years and considered that enough time to claim it as their own.

The Palestinians base their claims on the fact that in 1918 the Jewish population of Palestine was 10,000; by 1948, it was 650,000 and today it is in excess of 2.5 million. The hundreds of thousands of Palestinian Arabs at the beginning of the century had grown to at least 1.5 million by 1948, but after *their* "diaspora", there were only 200,000 left in Israel, where they have remained as well-treated but not full citizens. The Arab state which was also to be formed by partition was sabotaged by the constituted Arab states, who soon moved in and seized this territory, leaving the Palestinians without a homeland and nearly as filled with hate for their Arab brothers as for the Israelis.

What most analysts have missed in interpreting the elusive but endlessly fascinating Palestinian phenomenon was that being driven out of Palestine by Jewish terrorist groups, or leaving under duress or desperation or whichever of the many reasons they left, was what took the Palestinians out of feudalism and into modernism. It was this experience of diaspora that eventually forged the link between this people and the "scientific" socialist ideologies of the third world, something that would have been impossible back in the mud-hut, orange-groved, Moslem hierarchy-ruled villages of Palestine. After this Arab diaspora, in many ways uncannily like that of the Jews, the poor Palestinians settled in the refugee camps of Jordan, Lebanon, Syria and, by far the worst, Gaza, where they were under a sundown-to-sunup curfew for 20 years. Those with education or family background soon scattered like airborne seedlings throughout the Arab world, finding excellent jobs, often in the richest enclaves, like Kuwait.

The life in the camps, where people lived all year round either in tents or tiny two-room tin houses, where at night only oil lamps flickered across the pristine, cool desert all around, was a very special life. It made vegetables of the fathers, living in memory, without hope, without work, without future, without the security of the timeless Moslem village hierarchy. But it made cosmopolites of the sons, educated in the far more sophisticated UN schools, given good medical care by UN doctors and exposed to the sophisticated influence of the educated Arabs who came to them as political mentors and, for the first time, as equals.

Men who would have ritualistically obeyed the strict class system of their feudal past now put this aside in the interest of the common cause and the common hatreds. The commando groups started in the early '60s when university-educated Arabs returned from their schooling (many had got scholarships *because* they were refugees) and began holding meetings in the camps. But it was really after 1967 that the dozen or so commando groups really thrived and grew

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– they stepped in after the humiliations of the June war and offered new hope to the Arab masses. Moreover, they attracted young men by their insistence upon recognizing ability rather than family background or wealth, and this very important factor is shown today by the fact that ranks are not even marked among the commandos.

"The camps gave them a kind of education and demonstrated an upward mobility that might not have occurred for years had they remained on their plots of land in Palestine," writes Michael Hudson, associate professor of political science at Brooklyn College of the City University of New York, one of the few academics who has analyzed this subject. "Precisely because it was harsh, the disastrous confrontation with the West and with Zionism tended to break up the traditional parochial social structure that had inhibited effective political organization under the mandate." Hudson also sees a leadership change. "The new leadership," he says, "shuns the traditional rhetoric and emphasizes organization, rationality and training."

In all of this, the Palestinians consider themselves the vanguard of the Arab world . . . the catalyst for social revolution in the traditional Arab countries . . . the bearers of a "scientific socialism" allied to the socialist countries of the third world. And in many ways they *are* all these things.

The radical Libyan coup of September 1969, can be traced directly to frustration over the 1967 war and to identification with the fedayeen (the prime minister is a Palestinian). So can the radical Sudan coup of the spring of 1969. King Faisal of conservative Saudi Arabia lives in dread of a fedayeen-inspired coup, and so does Morocco's king. The fedayeen were able to stop the peace plans this fall and the crashing of Arab high officials immediately after the Jordanian civil war is certainly due to their sabotage. Moreover, they are everywhere, and in the rich and influential places. Kuwait, with all its almost vulgar wealth, has 150,000 Palestinians, which is a quarter of its people; most of them are in the best jobs, and they "tithe" a portion of their ample salaries to the fedayeen movements. Algeria alone has 800 Palestinian teachers. In most Arab countries, there are similar examples.

They are a radicalizing factor everywhere, a wild card in the game of Arab politics that must always be taken into consideration because any constituted Arab leader scorns or challenges their popularity only at his own risk. What sort of military threat they actually are to Israel in stark killed-in-action terms is still questionable, but their political influence is not – they have shown they can keep the world in an uproar with their revolutionary histrionics.

In their claims to extraterritoriality within the Arab world, too, they are also something that historians are unable to compare to anything else in history: a force which claims rights in every country quite above and beyond national borders or sovereignties, because they are the "true representatives" of "the people."

I saw the proof of this peculiar extraterritoriality when I traveled once with two fedayeen from the Syrian commando group, Al-Saiqa, from Amman to Damascus by car. They had given me a "fedayeen visa," which was a printed sheet of paper with my picture on it and the Arabic name, Fedouwa Kouzy ("treasure of Jerusalem"). At the border, we didn't even bother to go through the regular government immigration post; we went through the fedayeen border post, a small house at the rear which flew the Palestinian flag. Later, in Beirut, the Fatah office "endorsed" the "visa" for travel back to Syria by way of Lebanon, and they did it faster and more efficiently than any American airline.

There is something terribly arrogant about this kind of melodramatics, of course. They are the ultimate fanatics, people who feel no responsibility whatsoever to a world they feel forsook them, which is perhaps why they are such fearsomely interesting young people. They are quite willing to exchange their rage for world holocaust, if that is necessary.

But it must be understood that their "rage" is not the same as a poor man's rage, which is an inner anger that eats quietly and fatally at a man's dignity and honor until he is nothing but an empty hulk. I saw this kind of rage in the Marka refugee camp outside Amman, when I stayed a couple of days with the family of Sadat Hussein Abdel Khader, a strong and proud man from the former Palestinian village of Jemsu. As we all sat huddled about the gas lamp one night with little cups of hot coffee, he told me, his voice rising and falling, "This life is very bad. Very, very bad. Very bad. I hope to return to Jemsu. Every hour, every time, every day, I think about going back. If I were not a refugee, I would speak English with you. Because I'm a refugee, I could not learn. No time, no school, nothing, no life."

His seven children, on the contrary, were all getting an excellent schooling in the camps' UN schools (the UN, with mostly American money, played a key role – giving the refugees just enough food and a good education but not solving their problems, thus providing a perfect revolutionary situation). They all wanted to be commandos and retake Palestine . . . but for quite different reasons than their father.

"For people of my age, the memory of Palestine is an emotional one," said Zuhdi Terrazzi, a high official of the Palestine Liberation Organization, the umbrella organization which includes the relatively moderate Al Fatah, the fanatical Maoist Popular Front and all the others. He is a man in his sixties. "We live with a sentimental attachment. I was born in Jerusalem. I dream of going back because I was born there and spent the happiest years of my life there. But for the young Palestinians, it is quite different. They never knew Palestine; they never saw it. They know that

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scientifically this part of the world that was usurped belongs to the rest of the Arab world. Legally, it belongs to their parents – less than six percent was property of Jews in 1917. Their passion is a scientific one, an ideological one. They know that a terrible injustice was done, and they yearn to correct it."

This is what distinguishes the Palestinians so markedly from so many other earlier bread-and-butter revolutionary movements of the world and makes them, like their Jewish "cousins," with whom they share a certain cerebral view of life and against whom they are not accidentally pitting themselves to regain their own honor, such an equally extraordinary people.

The Palestinians are fighting today not for bread, as it pleases their more adept propagandists to say in their more manipulative moments – most of their leaders could get excellent jobs anywhere in the world – but for an ideal. Whether you agree with the ideal or not, it is an ideal that has *just begun* to move the world and one that the world will ignore only at its own peril.

No Laurels For Legionnaires

by William G. Pelfrey

Of all my Fort Polk memories the only one that holds nostalgia is Saturday night in the barracks, when we would drink smuggled-in Jim Beam and decry the ills of America and Southeast Asia. Fort Polk, Louisiana had been a temporary training camp for Pacific-bound troops in World War II, abandoned after that for nearly twenty years, but with its Asiatic swamps and climate the perfect choice for a mass-production, jungle warfare school in the sixties. When I went through, there was a large sign at the entrance gates, "Welcome to Fort Polk, Birthplace of Combat Infantryman for Vietnam." Everyone in my company was being made an Eleven-Bravo, the Army code for light weapons infantry, and we all knew where we were going and accepted it as fate, but on Saturday nights when the drill sergeants were gone we had whiskey and could be just as profound as any student in the land.

Fort Polk stands out as the one time when I personally engaged in standard Vietnam polemics. In college I was preoccupied with part time jobs and grades. In basic training I was too numbed by drill-sergeant mentality and the thought of actually becoming a soldier to question anything, and in Vietnam I took my only mental exercise in conjuring up sexual perversions for R&R and constructing a minute-by-minute schedule of the first month's activities upon my return to the world. Only at Fort Polk, just beginning to picture myself as an infantryman, reluctantly accepting the next phase of my destiny, and feeling the political stimulus of Jim Beam – was I moved to curse aloud, "our place in Asia" and all the other clichés.

After Fort Polk came the real thing. Vietnam was reduced to a pathetic melodrama, a Hollywoodesque but very real vendetta against the next sniper, the booby trap or ambush waiting across the river. Any political debate became sacrilegious, obscene. No one in my rifle company below the rank of staff sergeant had come to Vietnam voluntarily, all thought of nothing but getting out, yet the question of why we were there was mentioned only in the context of a cynical joke.

After I had made it back to the world the inescapable polemics could again become at least intellectually relevant; the situation had ceased to be biological, I had won the scenario and "the Nam" could dissolve back into the abstract issues of "Meet the Press." But it was still more for me than banal rhetoric. The questions raised were suddenly real at a personal level, I found myself isolated as a living instrument of the "mistake."

I was the only one from my neighborhood on Detroit's southeast side to go to college. As a student I shared my peers' disillusionment with policy but stayed straight. The revulsion was impersonal. As a rational history major I held the affronts in the light of past American crusades and follies, coolly perceiving that if things were really getting as bad as rhetoric on all sides said they were, then that very concern would lead to change. If I were going to make something of myself I would have to quietly accept the world until I was really in a place to do something.

During my school years all the old friends gradually either enlisted or were drafted and sent to Fort Polk, Louisiana. I continued to identify with them instead of the students, took pride in that identification and through it saw myself above the arrogant urchins. I

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remember clearly, and with irony now, how withdrawn and uncertain my old cohorts were when they returned from the Big V. In my senior year a close friend who in high school had talked of going to college on the GI Bill was killed in the unit I ultimately joined.

I felt aversion to the contented "silent majority" types around me, the cars and clothes their parents had bought, to how self-assuredly they put the investment to good use in preparing for responsible citizenship. I held even more contempt for the radicals, the alienated. The brightest students – sadder, the most intriguing girls – seemed always to be the most disenchanted, and so much of what they said about an unbearable world was what I felt; but did they really *feel* what they expressed? Looking at my own frustration yet clutching the Horatio Alger determination to "succeed," I was repulsed by their self-righteous bitterness and lack of direction. I wondered if they were not at heart agitating and withdrawing for the sake of spiting their hedonistic parents, rather than from any moral concern. The studied cynicism, the calculated defiance and outrage in every aspect of lifestyle and rhetoric; they became self-pitying children in my eyes, "alienated" from a corrupt world only because they were too lazy or squeamish to bear it.

A month after graduation and loss of my deferment I put an end to the suspense over my own future as well as to questions of duty and morality; like so many others I volunteered. One year later to the day I was jumping out of the open side of a helicopter in what had become a routine combat assault.

The most shocking and totally inconceivable thing when I returned and began my re-adaptation to America was the feeling that I was now even further removed from society than the students – even more squeamish and self-pitying. The last year's experiences became pervasive memories; rabid polemics and division became more obscene than they had been in the jungle. I was more disillusioned, questioning the whole bit more than anyone I had ever observed in college, and without the solace of a company of other aliens in the same bag. At the same time the undergraduate self-confidence and ambition became juvenile and laughable, the image of becoming a part of the rest of my generation, even the old east side vets, became abhorrent.

In those wandering first weeks after the return I perceived that the only time in my life I had had an identity other than my vague personal goals had been as a member of a combat unit in Vietnam.

In Vietnam we were inserted by helicopter into jungles and mountains where toilets, let alone students and politicians, were nonexistant and the American and his helicopter were accepted curiosities. The few civilians I encountered were always giggling, waving at the GI, begging for C-ration candy and cigarettes.

I was assigned to the first battalion of the Twenty-second Infantry, "Regulars by God," one of the Army's oldest and most distinguished units. The Twenty-second Infantry was created in 1814 as a volunteer regiment, receiving its motto when an observor commented on the men's rag-tag clothes and their commander thundered back, "Those are *regulars*, by God." The Regulars served in five Indian campaigns, including the second battle at Little Big Horn where Custer's Seventh Calvalry – a unit also serving in RVN in the 1960s – was avenged. They were the first unit ashore in Cuba in 1898 and bore the brunt of the campaign against José Aguinaldo in the Philippines. In World War II they were the first American unit to penetrate German soil, as well as the first ashore at Utah Beach. In Vietnam we received two Presidential unit citations and the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry. During my twelve-month tour our four rifle companies lost over fifty men killed in action – I don't know how many more wounded.

I think we all knew that when we did make it back we would never try to look each other up, but while we were there that trite brotherhood of arms was real. After the arms were put down, friendships grown remote had to be renewed and any new camaraderie based on entirely new interests. I never consciously thought of myself as a Regular, would have been appalled by the suggestion, but when I finally achieved that supreme goal of leaving with no physical scars I found myself reinserted into another strange environment, only this time alone and anonymous.

The shock was intensified by an immediate realization that this was the same world I had left, that the world I had been dreaming of as a GI was an infantile fantasy. For twelve months the time had been passed in meticulously calculating what the first drink would be at the airport bar, how I would hold the cigar in my fingers as I eyeballed that first smiling blonde in a mini-skirt; would I capitalize on the uniform and medals, would I drop her and take the tall intriguing European bitch at the end of the bar, with her long black hair and dark glasses.

As the months in Vietnam went by, the fantasizing became further removed from reality. The peak was reached with R&R, rest and relaxation, six nights of heaven. I went to exotic Bangkok, smoked two-dollar cigars and had a hired personal chauffeur on call twenty-four hours a day. The girls were everywhere and enchanting, their shimmering black hair to the hips, warm smiles, the broken English and unpretentious desire to attract and please the rich and carefree GI. After Bangkok I had less than a hundred days to go, a two-digit midget, and the superfluous bliss of that city became the premise of all plans for the triumphant return home. But the image of bliss collapsed

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the first night in Detroit.

I was back on the southeast side of a city of automobile factories and television, lined houses with World War II veterans sitting on front porches talking politics. Wandering back to the campus, I found the students more repulsive than ever. I felt myself reduced to a bizarre curiosity in their eyes – much the way I had felt in Vietnamese eyes. The conversation at best never got passed the inevitable, "Can you really get marijuana pre-packaged and rolled like cigarettes? Are most GIs against the war?" I felt a nauseating self-consciousness in even approaching straight-faced American girls – I never noticed until my return how American girls are so cold and straight-faced.

The self-pity and emptiness subsided as the first weeks passed. I looked up old friends and they talked of feeling the same isolation at first; you just have to learn to live with memories and take the world around you as a joke, like you did in the Nam. But the bitterness and division around me, the new personal status of being a combat veteran of that universally detested war were inescapable.

Even now I have not resolved just what the experience should mean to me, how I should react, how I *have* reacted, what I should "do." I shake my head and silently curse when I ask myself what the final status of the Vietnam veteran will be in America. Will we remain a deliberately vague rhetorical image, – "our boys," the supreme sanctifier of political argument; will we become a mass of sub-human machines blindly submitting to a depraved nation-state, or even worse, will some future Patriot rise to power with a chest of Southeast Asian medals and slogans for a new Crusade?

The Supreme Court has of course now declared that anyone opposing the war on "sincere" grounds of principle should not have to fight. Whether all those who faced the draft in the sixties and accepted the infantry and RVN – I am far from the only one who "sincerely" thought Vietnam was "wrong" but still went – will in future historiography be condemned and those who left America or went to jail built into heroes remains to be seen. The military itself has court-martialed enlisted men for participating in alleged "unlawful" killing of civilians. Looking at the Mylai scandal I can't help wondering with a conscript's cynicism what would be done to an enlisted man if he disobeyed an "unlawful" order but with no energetic reporters around to make something of it.

My unit was a reaction battalion for II Corps. We ran large-scale reconnaissance missions in the Laos-Cambodia-Vietnam border region and were hopped by helicopter to crisis areas where other units were faring poorly. The only civilians I saw were in base camp and Cam Ranh Bay, when I was either coming to or leaving the field; whenever we encountered other humans in the jungle there was no question of military versus civilian status. I can't say that I would have obeyed an order to kill Vietnamese civilians, but I can't say for certain that I wouldn't have. The instinctive first reaction when the Mylai furor broke in the *Stars and Stripes* was, "If every GI would kill a hundred dinks we wouldn't be here." Would there have been any furor if "civilians" had been killed by Americans, rather than by a Satanic German General Staff in World War II? What are you supposed to *do*?

Naturally, were I now to spew forth with this in cocktail debate or campus rally the question would be answered simply and clearly; I should have refused induction in the first place, refused to be a part of the atrocity. Yet I not only participated and survived but actually took pride in receiving a Bronze Star and the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry.

Where does such a depraved attitude leave me? I have gone back to the campus as a graduate student, capitalizing on the GI Bill and a fellowship. I have the same intellectual opposition to the war as before. I daresay I am now more deeply affronted than most students by the mediocrity and ghastliness of policy. But I still sympathize with soldiers accused of war crimes, I still see myself above the protesters.

Student bitterness and disenchantment have tripled since I went into the Army. Even Ohio State, the Buckeye bastion of Middle America and my new "home," saw rioting this spring and this summer had armed entrance guards checking IDs. In my undergraduate days there was at least concern for what should be done to better society, as well as disgust with current trends. Now alternatives are not mentioned. Disgust is total; perhaps as the rhetoric becomes more vulgar and violent it will ultimately fade to a mass "drop out."

Looking at the new undergraduates, the first reaction is envy of the probability that the war will never be "real" for them; they will not face the draft, or at least not combat. The brightest students, the elite, continue to be the most disgusted. I wonder if their aversion to the "establishment" will not insure continued bellicosity in leadership and policy. If the country lacks purpose and direction today, what will the situation be in ten or twenty years if all but the "silent majority" remain alienated?

I have regained the old east side cool and self-esteem – outwardly. I am again "straight," busy with grades, girls and money, but ambition and pride have dissolved into uncertainty and aloofness. Two years ago I would never have said I was "alienated." I now day-dream of Bangkok, seeing myself as the cynical but outlandishly prosperous and virile expatriate. There is one brothel in Bangkok with 230 girls, $15 a night each, of which the girl gets five dollars. Yes, the entrepreneurial opportunity and bliss are no doubt dependent on an authoritarian government, and American military aid. But so what?

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Stanley Kauffmann: Art and the Critics' Confusion

On the Future of Art

Essays by Arnold J. Toynbee, Louis I. Kahn, Annette Michelson, B. F. Skinner, James Seawright, J. W. Burnham, and Herbert Marcuse

(Viking; $7.50 cloth, $3.45 paper)

In one way, at least, the theater has been in the van of Western culture: it was the first art to become a Fabulous Invalid. But this new book is only the latest evidence that the theater long ago stopped being unique. These essays, which were originally lectures delivered last year at the Guggenheim Museum in New York, deal mainly with the possible future of painting and sculpture, but they touch the subject of the survival of art in general.

In a brief introduction Edward F. Fry, associate curator of the museum, says that the participants were drawn from widely varying fields "because the nature of the problem demanded fresh insights beyond the normal limits of critical and art-historical discourse." An interesting theory on paper. In practice, not very satisfactory. Out of seven essays on a matter of prime importance to civilization comes very little new light.

Some of the writers don't even address the problem. Arnold Toynbee, after meandering pleasantly through history for a bit, advises people who are forced to be specialists these days to take advantage of the leisure provided by automation to become generalists. Louis I. Kahn, the eminent architect, gives us his reflections on Silence and Light – deeply felt but irrelevant to the theme.

With Annette Michelson, we come to a different puzzle. Miss Michelson, an art and film critic, devotes over half of her essay to an admiring and lucid exegesis of Lévi-Strauss's structuralist theory. ("It is . . . the business of structuralist analysis to reveal the extraordinary propensity of the human mind to organize, through symbolic sign systems, its experience of the world.") Then she quotes two passages from *The Savage Mind* in which Lévi-Strauss rejects non-figurative painting and impressionism and which, she says, shock her. Soon after, she says that the linguistic model is inapplicable to modern art and that the "radically rational stance of structuralism inhibits understanding of the art of our day." But then why did she choose to write at length about structuralism? The first half of her essay leads us to expect an assertion that structuralism may be one answer to the problem of art's future; then she ends with a palinode in which she says that structuralism is not only no use, but an impediment. She arbitrarily raises an argument only so that she can demolish it.

This is especially odd since structuralism contravenes Miss Michelson's most stimulating point. She notes the structuralist (Kantian) assumption of the difference between experience and reason: the principle that "only the radical discontinuity between the reality of lived experience and the real as knowable" can give us precision and objectivity. She argues against this principle in art:

> The work of art, however, is that sort of object which is never simply understandable as object . . . Our perception of the work of art informs us of the nature of consciousness itself. This is what we mean when we say – as I do say – that, although art no longer means or refers, it does have a deeply cognitive function.

This belief, applied here specifically to non-figurative painting and sculpture, also applies, I would say, to much figurative and apparently designed work in other arts. For at least a century, poets have been telling us that a poem is not an object conceived and then written, that they put down words in order to find out what the poem is. In *The Seamless Web* Stanley Burnshaw explores the complete continuum of *all* life processes in the creation and under-

Myth & Ritual

You come down to a time
In every poker game
Where the losers allow
They've lost, the winners begin
Sneaking into their shoes
Under the covered table;
You come down to that time,

They all go home. And hard
As it is to imagine
A fat and rowdy ghost
Pee in his empty glass
Rather than miss a hand,
That's how it happened: Paul
Is gone, and Stanley is gone,

The winners have risen with cash
And checks and promising papers
And drifted through the cold door
Forever, while the host,
Like some somnambulist
Or sleepy priest, empties
Their ashes into the dawn.

HOWARD NEMEROV

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standing of poetry. Lévi-Strauss, however, believes in discontinuity between reason and experience. Why does Miss Michelson spend most of her essay on a man to whom (she says) her beliefs are "suspect"?

The barren contribution of B. F. Skinner, the behavioral psychologist, rebuts Mr. Fry's hope that "fresh insights" could be found outside the usual sources. Skinner anticipates the charge of philistinism but does not escape it.

Herbert Marcuse is much more pertinent but quite predictable. "Art as a Form of Reality" (his title) means "not the beautification of the given, but the construction of an entirely different and opposed reality." That other reality would cancel art's present "spurious integration with the Establishment, its harmonization and sublimation of repressive conditions." No surprises there. What are less predictable are Marcuse's contradictions. Speaking of Goya's antiwar paintings, he says that their very beauty anesthetizes the effect they should have: "fury gives way to the aesthetic experience." Then he praises Schönberg and Berg and Kafka and Joyce and Beckett as artists of new Form who negate a harmful reality. But can one clearly distinguish the aesthetic experience of these artists from that of Goya? Does Goya *reconcile* one to the reality that Marcuse dislikes? Then, after talking of opposites (in his view), Marcuse covers his bets by rolling an argument right down the middle. Presumably he doesn't want to seem unresponsive to our artistic inheritance, so he adds that, even in the most traditional art, there is "some element of rebellion which is still 'valid.'" Thus he is saved from legislating against Beethoven and Mahler; in fact, they will really be certified when social realities are changed. (For comment on Marcuse's art views, as part of a searching critique of all his views, I recommend Alasdair MacIntyre's *Herbert Marcuse*, recently published by Viking.)

Two sculptors, James Seawright and J. W. Burnham, present ideas allied with Miss Michelson's and familiar in outline to readers of such journals as *Artforum*. Says Seawright:

> The more I work, the more I believe that the best ideas grow out of an understanding of the processes being used, rather than out of a preconceived notion of the effects to be achieved.

His work with "technologically related processes" connects with Burnham's, whose interests center on "computer environments." Says Burnham:

> The traditional notion of consecrated art objects and setting will gradually give way to the conclusion that art is *conceptual focus*. . . . The breakdown and confusion between canonical art forms will continue until it is agreed that they place a false emphasis on physical and sensual isolation as prerequisites for aesthetic valuation.

The last two words are the stumbling block. How does one evaluate aesthetically the performance of a mechanism set in operation by the random movements of a visitor? (Burnham evaluates one by Seawright, nevertheless.) As other instances of different "conceptual focus," Burnham also cites a wheatfield mowed by Dennis Oppenheim, and *Duration Piece #9* by Douglas Huebler. "The mailing of a box to six locations across the country and the return of registered-mail receipts defined a straightline trajectory of art work across the United States . . . Artistic volition is the only factor which separates it [mowing and mailing] from millions of similar acts." How can aesthetic valuation be applied to that volition?

In fact, it is the persistent hunger for aesthetic valuation that puzzles me most in these new "sculptural" phenomena, and other comparable work. Valéry said decades ago that there would be great innovations in art techniques, "perhaps even bringing about an amazing change in our very notion of art." Burnham talks now of conceptual focus, but the new focus longs to be seen in relatively orthodox ways, to be aesthetically valued.

Much of the difficulty – my difficulty, at any rate – with this new work is semantic. The terms "art" and "aesthetic evaluation" seem to belong to an order of effort and experience different from that described by Burnham (and others elsewhere). I'm not arguing for either anthropomorphism or design as a fixed criterion of art. (Though I certainly am not prejudiced against them.) I note Burnham's interest in technologies as communicators of human mysteries. But so is psychoanalysis; is it art? Mowed fields and mailed boxes and similar efforts seem to me an order of experience that needs new terminology. It always surprises me that devisers of "spontaneous" works or of works intended to close the gap between life and art still hunger for the old terms and for, essentially, the old recognitions. It's almost as if Eldridge Cleaver secretly yearned for the Congressional Medal of Honor. New terms, new *purposes* in evaluation – if any is to be done at all – would be helpful, I think, to them and others.

Those who *can* apply the term "art" to these new, frequently solipsist works may find some cheer in this book. For others, like me, these essays – those that really deal with the subject – leave us still with the problem: the future of art in communities without ethical or spiritual community, in a society whose values remain impervious to the needs for change. (Marcuse holds out only another type of slow asphyxiation.) The future of art remains the most pressing question of our cultural lives. It was doubtless romantic to hope for "answers" from this book. But if one didn't still hope – against reason – for some sort of answer, why would one read a book like this at all?

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Reed Whittemore: English Department Ills (II)

Stuff
Edited by Herbert Kohl and Victor H. Cruz

(World; $4.95)

Part I of this essay appeared in the November 7 issue.

The decade of the sixties was, among other things, a long siege of youth and romance in literature, and a good bit of that romance was tied in with Rousseauistic notions about teaching (no, not teaching – allowing, encouraging) children to write. To write creatively. Not to write as English teachers had for generations taught them to write. One of the most romantic books of the decade – and also, I must add, lest I be misunderstood, one of the best – was Herbert Kohl's *Thirty-six Children*. It was a straightforward account of Kohl's experiences as a teacher with a group of black children who had been declared in effect unteachable by "the system." He taught them by not teaching them. He encouraged them to find themselves by expressing themselves. His short-lived experiment amounted to a sort of miniature Summerhill in Harlem, and while he sadly observed at the end of the book that many of the children returned to their state of institutional incorrigibility in the year following their experience with him, the book still left with its readers the warm feeling that always attends a good man's discovery of mankind's essential goodness.

And all around the country, especially in the big cities, freewheeling writing programs and arts programs sprang up in the sixties, run mostly by young poets who had great faith in children's native, uncoached powers of expression and great contempt for the capacity of school systems to evoke those powers. Sometimes the programs were within English departments, sometimes they were separate. Sometimes they were not in schools at all, but in storefront retreats from the schools, in church basements and the like. But wherever they were they were a new force for the scholastic, academic literary world to contend with.

In general, academia contended by accepting the new force and letting the old forces continue too. Bureaucracies can never get rid of anything, never make decisions; they just keep adding on – and in this case muddling through with *all* the possibilities was probably a sound, if inadvertent, strategy; the issues at stake, not to mention the human and institutional commitments, were enormous.

Nobody yet knows which way the prevailing winds will finally blow in the teaching of writing; but certainly the Kohl kind of thing is now a force in the schools, and has put the traditionalist teachers on the defensive. Perhaps more important has been its effect on poetry itself, or at least on the image of poetry that those who use the word "poetry" in a belligerent, missionary manner carry around with them. If when the neon sign flashes "poetry," the missionaries think "sonnet," one gets, eventually, tradition, discipline, analysis, all that; but if when the sign flashes "poetry" the missionary thinks "me" or "soul," one gets native woodnotes wild. For better or worse Kohl has been an extremely important missionary for the latter.

In *Thirty-six Children*, Kohl was concerned primarily with education; in his new book *Stuff*, which is an anthology, he is after poetry itself, or the image thereof. In his introduction to *Stuff* he is not just telling us how to

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get children to express themselves; he is telling us what he believes the nature of poetry, at all ages, is or should be. Poetry, he is saying, *is* stuff: "What we [Kohl and his co-editor Victor Cruz] have come up with is a lot of stuff we like. That is the only way we knew how to do it." Using the word "stuff" is deceptively cute. This book is a poetry manifesto, a document presenting modes of expression; it gives us the child or the child-mind as the bearer of essential poetic wisdom, after the manner of early 19th century sages.

The same could be said of the activities of another well-known teacher of writing, Kenneth Koch, in his recent book *Wishes, Lies, and Dreams* (discussed in *The New Republic* July 11, 1970). There Koch describes many fascinating exercises for starting young poets on the road to thinking spaciously and imaginatively, but he is also, as if incidentally, writing his own ticket for the art. And several other writer-teachers could be mentioned whose pedagogy and art have similarly become closely interwined. In the fifties it was commonplace for Rousseauistically inclined poets to complain about the effects of academia upon the divine stuff. Now in reverse Rousseau is working for control of academia.

What is being produced is very late, very with-it Rousseau. I find the selections in *Stuff* enormously uneven –sometimes full of the freshness and spontaneity the mode calls for, sometimes turgidly repetitive of the most commonplace current social complaints – but in general good enough to make a strong case for the missionaries. I was particularly taken by a poem by Alvin Curry about a stolen "tailor-made" coat that ends:

> Now I got a 'Tailor-Made Hat'
> Ain't nobody gettin'
> Their hands on that!

Also vivid is Alice Schilz's piece, "harvey," about a boy who, among other things, doesn't brush

> hist
> eeth.

One is tempted to list the names of all the book's contributors, and cheer them on, partly for genuinely displaying the imagination and vitality that in many, many cases their regular teachers had not imagined they possessed, and partly because they need encouragement if they are to continue to explore their talents as they do in this collection. Kohl has on his hands what appears to be an enormously effective form of group therapy.

But what of those lovely old English departments, and their lovely old language and poetry? – will they survive the new Rousseauists? and does it matter?

Feeling obscurely the strange new forces at work in my own college English classes, and in the published "stuff" that passes as poetry and song where artistic fashions are made, I'd say it matters very much. One doesn't have to be strong on literature's Great Tradition or on the felicities of law and order in language to be worried by the opposite extreme moving in. And assuming, as I do, that the extremes on both sides are undesirable I still do not see at the moment what an effective compromise might come to, in either schools or poems.

The choice is not simply a theoretical one, between the romantics and the classicists, or between modern versions of these ancient dualisms, though the dualisms are still alive and kicking. Beyond theory are the advocates, and to the extent that the old world is represented by the likes of Professor O'Toole (see my review of *Confessions of an American Scholar* in the Nov. 7 issue) one has to be with Kohl and the new world. O'Toole's sentiments are not, I think, running English yet, but certainly the profession is filled with cynicism and petty frustrations. The Kohls offer energy, warmth, hope.

But to join Stuff with the tradition *would* be hard. Where do the standards for Stuff come from? Even to mention standards is sticky in the Stuff world, but if Stuff judgment must be made, it must come, as I understand Kohl, in terms of the norms in the poet's peer group. In other words the writing of Stuff is primarily a communal act, a solidarity enforcer, and only secondarily an art act, a truth act, any of that. Thus Kohl complains of the notions of poetry *he* was conditioned to in school, that they made poetry and poets separate from wherever the action was; poetry was accordingly a polite, frail, effeminate business in his adolescence whereas now, for his eager Stuff poets, it is tougher, more real, less arty – they are attracted to it apparently as an "in" thing. In the face of such observations

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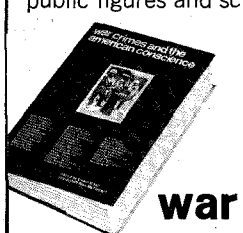
These questions are discussed by a distinguished group of public figures and scholars, including:



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the poets who were models in *my* adolescence would shiver.

The verse of Yeats, Eliot, Pound and others who dominated the early century was hardly effeminate – it was as much a reaction against the polite magazine verse of their time as the poetry in *Stuff* is to polite magazine verse now (if there is any polite magazine verse now) – but it was hardly an "in" verse either. To practise the art of poetry in the footsteps of Yeats, Eliot and Pound was to move out and away from what the age, as Pound kept saying, demanded; it was to fly solo or with a small group of kindred solo spirits. Call it a snobbish art if you will; certainly it achieved snobbishness, arrogance, intolerance and profoundly anti-communal statement on occasion. But it was also an art deeply committed to the loftiest ideals Western culture has had for poetry and poets – to the poet as seer and to poetry as a distillation of the best man has known. Poetry as Stuff? – the word "stuff" is the best possible word to illustrate what the old world thought poetry was not.

Now we have Stuff all over – up and down the schools and colleges, and flooding editors' desks. Also we are developing a sort of aesthetic of Stuff, an aesthetic that has been bred on the foreign soil of the social sciences and is therefore doubly annoying to the priests of the old aesthetic. The aesthetic of Stuff is of course an aesthetic of Poetry-is-Good-for-you, and Poetry-is-Relevant. To it the old says, Grrr.

I don't know how long English departments can house simultaneously, as they are now doing, these contradictory aesthetics. Perhaps in a decade or two the social sciences will have the whole bag and there will be no contradiction. But in the meantime the first step in solving the dilemma, one way or another, would seem to be for the Kohls to recognize the enormity of the contradiction, and for the anti-Kohls to recognize how much the Kohls have done to restore life to the teaching of writing.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

SIMON SERFATY *is an associate professor of political science at the University of California at Los Angeles.* JONATHAN YARDLEY *is the book editor of the* Greensboro Daily News. *Contributing Editor* ZALIN B. GRANT *was formerly Southeast Asian correspondent for this journal.*

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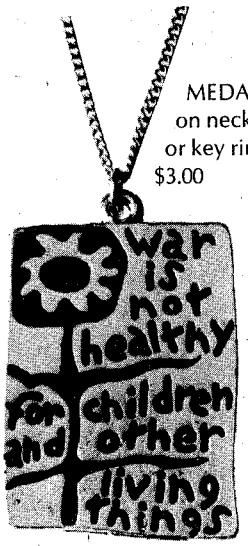

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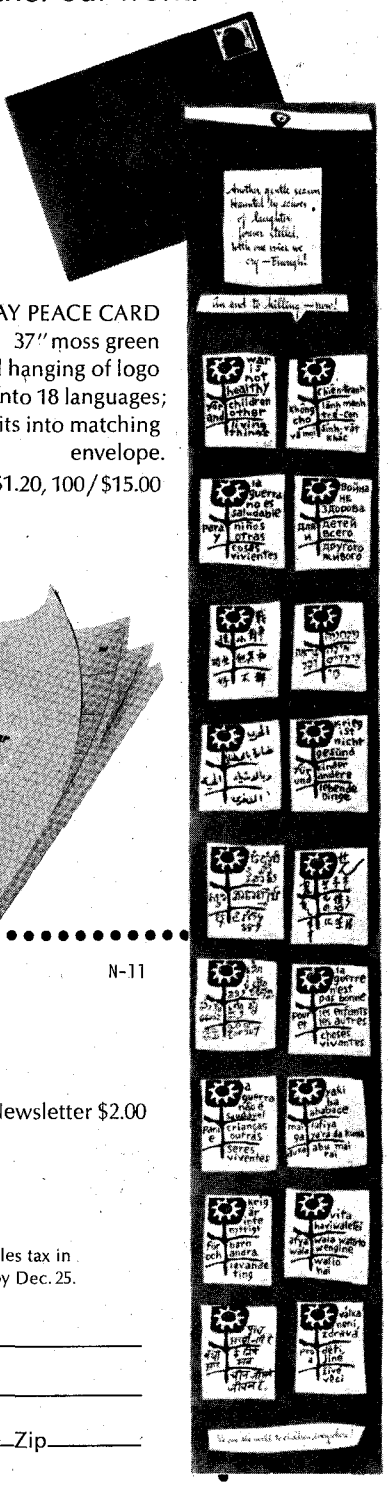

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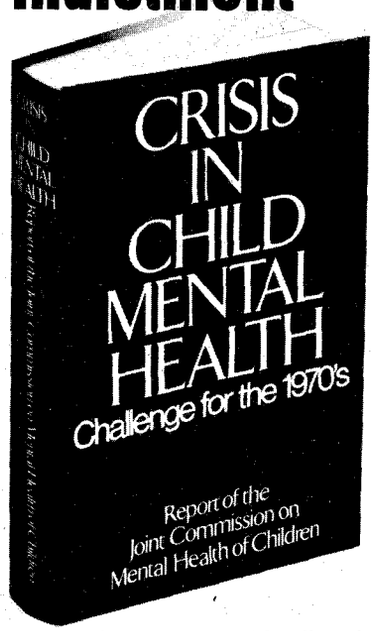

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Jonathan Yardley: Forgotten Tragedy

The Orangeburg Massacre by Jack Nelson and Jack Bass

(World; $7.95)

Kent State brought them all out: the troubadors, the Madison Avenue peaceniks, the publishers of "instant" books – all the imagemakers and public breastbeaters were on the scene while the gunshots were still echoing. So the kids who got themselves killed a few days later at Jackson State were lucky in death: a nation elaborately mourning four young middle-class whites could not in good conscience decline to mourn two young blacks killed in even more obscene circumstances.

But the three young black men who were shot to death almost three years ago at South Carolina State College in Orangeburg had no such luck. The parallels between Kent State and Orangeburg are, as Jack Nelson outlines them in an appendix to *The Orangeburg Massacre*, very close. Yet Orangeburg's tragedy has been utterly forgotten – if in fact anyone ever knew about it, or knew the truth about it, to begin with.

So thank the Lord for Jack Nelson and Jack Bass. A passionate belief in the truth, their book demonstrates, is essential if one wishes to find out what happened at Orangeburg, for the smokescreen of official lies and evasions put up to hide it is nearly impenetrable.

The "official version" tells us that in February, 1968, students at SC State were in an uproar because Orangeburg's only bowling alley was determinedly segregated; their discontent became increasingly militant, and citizens of the town became fearful for their lives and property; state police were sent in, and when they reached the campus they encountered obscenities, rock-barrages and sniper-fire; fearful for their lives, they fired into the onrushing horde; regrettably three young men, "boys" in local parlance, were killed and dozens injured – to maintain the peace.

The vigilant press bought the official version in every particular. I recall that one of North Carolina's most distinguished journalists, who chanced to be wintering at a coastal South Carolina spa, sped to Orangeburg and delivered himself of an editorial Philippic against student violence and outside agitators. The wire service reports at least purported to be objective, but in substance they were equally faithful to the line being peddled by Governor Robert McNair and his uniformed henchmen. Bass from the *Charlotte Observer* and Nelson of the *Los Angeles Times* were on the scene, relaying carefully checked reports to their excellent newspapers, but two reporters were overmatched against a governor, the state cops and the wire services.

Perhaps the publication of *The Orangeburg Massacre* will finally make their version more durable than the official version. It ought to. Their book is angry, honest, perceptive and profoundly disturbing; it stands out in the flood of civil rights books not merely because of its good reportage but because it is a devastating case history of the misuse of law-enforcement authority and the perversion of justice.

What really happened in Orangeburg, Nelson and Bass report, is that the SC State students displayed extraordinary patience with the truculent bowling-alley man. Their protests were orderly, becoming potentially dangerous only after they were infuriated by the sight of white policemen gratuitously whacking a Negro girl. On the night of the killings, the campus was fairly quiet: "Although some patrolmen later claimed the students were charging at them like a thundering herd, throwing bottles and other objects, the evidence was overwhelming that few objects were being thrown, that there was no shooting, and that the students were not running." Any running was in the opposite direction, away from the helmeted patrolmen brandishing their clubs and buckshot-filled shotguns.

Orangeburg, one deduces from this book, was what the Walker Commis-

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sion called "police riot." Yet the only concern of South Carolina officials was to whitewash it. Governor McNair blamed it on "black power advocates"; his pledge of an inquest and a public report was never honored. The FBI went through the motions of investigation but showed itself to be more interested in covering for its chums in the state police. A federal grand jury, local folks all and 21 of 23 white, declined to indict nine patrolmen on charges of deprivation of rights. When the Justice Department (Ramsey Clark still being in business) persisted and took the nine into federal court, charging them with subjecting the dead youths to "summary punishment," the jury (with two token blacks, accepted by the defense because of their inadequate education) took less than two hours to acquit them. Meantime, the state had pounced upon Cleveland Sellers, a SNCC representative, as scapegoat; though all evidence against him was inordinately flimsy, South Carolina sought his indictment on a galaxy of charges ranging from arson to assault with intent to kill. It settled for indictment on riot and conspiracy charges, kept him dangling for two years, then got a conviction after this book went to press.

It is a tale full of profoundly depressing details: of the manipulation of juries by emotional appeals to racism and regional insecurity complexes; of the impoverished mother of one of the three dead blacks slaving to pay off a $1600 funeral bill and a $600 debt for a $399.66 tuition loan; of the cop radioing his pals, "You should have been here, ol' buddy; got a couple of 'em tonight"; of the governor inquiring anxiously about the condition of policemen, asking nothing about that of black students; of the clubby alliance between the state police and the FBI; of the calculated, deliberate attempts by the state's highest officials to cover up the truth; and of the bureaucratic Justice Department's inability to enforce civil rights law at the local level.

The list goes on. *The Orangeburg Massacre* is a chronicle of the state against the people – of the state's power to oppress and then to withhold the true story of that oppression. Few books of recent years have more forcibly conveyed the utter helplessness of the individual against the state. The evidence it reports makes temptingly plausible the radical argument that

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there is a "conspiracy" among the moneyed and powerful.

A final observation is, to me, the most dispiriting of all. Bass and Nelson are remarkably fair in the portrait they draw of Robert McNair. Making him the villain would have been easy. Instead, they make us realize that McNair is a decent sort: something less than courageous, to be sure, and a captive of all South Carolina's paternalistic attitudes toward Negroes, but a person bearing no malice and earnestly wishing for tranquillity. Yet he failed, failed terribly, at Orangeburg, and we are left with the unhappy reflection that if the "good" men fail us, no one is left.

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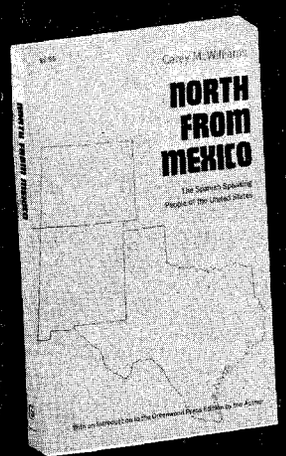

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—Philip D. Ortego, *Trans-Action*

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Zalin B. Grant: Redhead in Borneo

Farewell to the King by Pierre Schoendoerffer

(Stein and Day; $5.95)

Joseph Conrad went into fashionable eclipse shortly after his death in 1924, consigned to back shelves by a public who considered him simply a romantic yarn spinner. In the past few years, he has been dusted off and returned to the front ranks where he belongs. Conrad's resurrection has been a reaction to the emasculating pressures of a technetronic dark age. His characters, nearly all of them made of heroic stuff, estranged from their fellow men by a dream of special destiny, are nostalgically appealing to a Western civilization enduring the phase-out of the individual. His deep pessimism, too, seems reasonably muted in comparison with the apocalyptic prose that stutters now like a machine gun across our desolate land.

One sees many young Conrads these days – Germans, French, British, Americans afflicted with their own peculiar debility of spirit. Instead of going to sea, they hitchhike around the world, calling themselves "road people." Adventure – or a mythless people's search for freedom in new faces, new places – commands their lives. In Kashmir, they gather on houseboats on Dahl lake to smoke hash. In Kathmandu, you see them at a Tibetan monastery outside town, swapping tales of Goa; in Istanbul, they find simple pleasure riding the Bosporus ferry between Europe and Asia. All are heavy with skepticism, disillusioned. Yet most of them, like Conrad, maintain an almost naïve belief in goodness.

Perhaps this modern longing for heroic adventure, the individual confronting life within an uncluttered moral framework, accounts for the European success of Pierre Schoendoerffer's powerfully written *Farewell to the King*, which was on French best seller lists for six months and won the *Prix Interallié*. In it Schoendoerffer presents his claim as Conrad's spiritual and literary descendant, updating the Polish émigré's pessimism of a half-century ago to present-day despair.

Schoendoerffer's new novel elegizes the death of the individual, that big-

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ger-than-life breed buried by change dubiously labeled "progress." His protagonist, upon whom – like Conrad's characters – everything hangs, is a red-headed Irish NCO during World War II. The story begins a few days before the fall of Singapore. A group of British soldiers and sailors are washed up on the shores of Borneo after their coaster is torpedoed. The Irish NCO sets out alone in the jungle and winds up as "king" of a coalition of Borneo headhunters, whom he directs, with support from British and Australian special forces, in guerrilla warfare against the Japanese. The king is no war-lover, nor has he any particular ideology. He is merely a man searching for Malraux's homeland "where the biggest clouds accumulate." He suffers, of course, the fate of all such alienated dreamers at war's end when the Dutch and British attempt to force him to abdicate.

Schoendoerffer's forte is the description of war, a talent derived from considerable personal experience with the subject. He began his career as a combat cameraman in the First Indochina War and was captured at Dien Bien Phu. (The first Vietminh to reach the command bunker, he later recalled, was a half-starved, ragged peasant trembling with fear and determination.) After the agonies of Algeria, he returned to France to join the wave of young movie directors. His *Section 317* was France's award-winning entry at the 1965 Cannes Film Festival. He is better known in the US for the *Anderson Platoon*, a documentary which won him an Oscar and an Emmy and which still stands, along with the works of documentary maker Eugene Jones and CBS Correspondent John Laurence, as the best visual reportage to come out of 10 years of war.

In some of the best passages of *Farewell*, Schoendoerffer records the death rattle of the guerrilla-harassed Japanese army in Borneo in sparse, curiously elegant Victorian prose. "Then there was anger, murderous fury. They [Japanese] took a village by surprise and an absolute orgy of cruelty followed. . . . Who would have thought a young child to have had so much blood in him? They fled horror-stricken at discovering they had plumbed the lowest depths of human nature. Yet they had still not seen everything. Some of those wretches had swallowed raw paddy; their stomachs swelled and burst."

Farewell to the King is, above all, a tightly paced action story, one of the best in the past few years. But its metaphysical impact cannot be discounted. Though a yarn about a soldier who would be king may seem excessively romantic to some, it is the French heart speaking for the despair of all of us.

Simon Serfaty: Travels with Cyrus

The Last of the Giants by C. L. Sulzberger

(Macmillan; $12.50)

C. L. Sulzberger, like Ulysses, returns to us "well-worn by years and travel, craving peace and tranquility." With him he brings more than one thousand pages of notes compiled on the "giants" of our time. Thus, in Washington, Sulzberger finds a "weeping, belly-scratching, beagle-loving, night-club-bing Texan," ready to assume America's leadership three years after Eisenhower, "a fine, decent man did the best he could." In Paris, Sulzberger spots former French Premier Pierre Mendès France who reminds him of a "very tough, shaven, tiny eastern European rabbi." In Djakarta, there is Sukarno, "a lazy, self-indulgent, fun-loving, undisciplined man with obvious intelligence and immense ambition." And on it goes: Sulzberger travels and meets everyone-who-counts.

Unfortunately, the author does not explain anything. In vain the reader hopes to draw him out on his opinions. After all, this is an eminent and first rate newspaperman whose columns have influenced public opinion and, occasionally, public policy. Yet, nothing appears except personal vignettes which are not even as revealing as those presented in Sulzberger's previous volume of recollections, *A Long Row of Candles*. This overextended and plotless chronicle therefore adds little to what is now, in most cases, common knowledge. What might have seemed original or newsworthy ten years ago is no longer so, and much of what Sulzberger quotes is not very striking in the light of what has happened since. Here and there one does catch something with a familiar ring – Walt Rostow, for example, threatening early in 1962 that in order "to clean up the guerilla action in South Vietnam . . . we may have to punish North Vietnam" – or something sadly ironical, like then Senator Johnson explaining in 1959 that the chief executive in Washington "must at all

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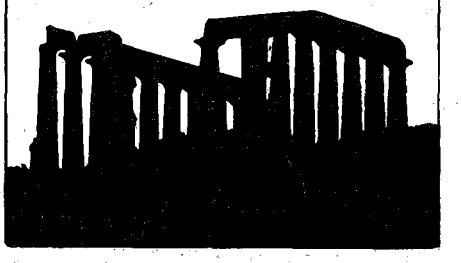

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times be free to deal as our spokesman with foreign nations without having the country divided behind him." There is also a rather beautiful passage showing Churchill, afflicted by age and boredom, increasingly senile and on the verge of death, slowly regaining some of his past vigor to take Sulzberger for a walk while discussing past and present international problems: "It was like watching a very strong light bulb during an electrical crisis. First a faint reddening of the filament, then a flickering, then a glow, and then a brilliant blaze of light. Finally, after being blinded by the sustained glare, again flickering, subsiding, just a red filament; then nothing."

Such insights are few, however, and we are left with gossip: Sihanouk, likes to dress up as Tarzan and have himself filmed swinging from limb to limb; Ngo Dinh Diem did not like girls; Jean Cocteau liked boys; Enrico Mattei occasionally liked whores. Chiang Kai-shek wears false teeth and Sukarno was a "terrific tail chaser" – "a combination of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Clark Gable." The jet set of the political world are a sad farrago of individuals, vain and self-centered, deceitful and lazy, misinformed when not plain stupid, weary if not frightened.

Yet, these are the giants and near-giants. Circumstances placed them in leadership. Their characteristic feature often is an opportunism that makes them succeed *despite* their shortcomings. Before coming of age they are all Cassandras waiting for history to give them their chance – a foreign war, a revolution, an economic crisis, an assassination, or some other tumult. After achieving recognition, Cassandra becomes Candide unless, of course, still more glory is wanted. Here is Syngman Rhee telling Sulzberger in March 1955: "The only hope for peace is by war first . . . The sooner we stop these gangsters the better. You people are afraid of world war." At the same time, from Formosa, Chiang explains that a third world war is a part of his scheme to reconquer the mainland.

But, for the time being at least, the giants have disappeared; the last to go was Charles de Gaulle, "a type only France seems capable of producing and, in his own words, a man of consequence." Yet Sulzberger offers no new material on de Gaulle; no statement that, in one form or the other, has not been quoted elsewhere (see, for example, Raymond Passeron's two volumes on *De Gaulle Parle*), nothing on the "man behind the mask," to cite the title of one of Sulzberger's chapters. François Mauriac in his biography of de Gaulle, and André Malraux, indirectly through his novels, have done a much better job of explaining the General. Sulzberger concludes that de Gaulle was "a strange character who does not belong to our era." When and where did he belong? And what elements accounted for his exceptionality? What made him both unique and typically French?

The Last of the Giants is good, first-hand, skim-the-surface journalism, but the whole is less than the sum of its parts. Narrating his stories through lengthy extracts preserved from his innumerable interviews, Sulzberger has deprived us of the advantage of his hindsight and experience. His chronicle narrates little of consequence – and narrates it too late.

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Correspondence

Conduct Unbecoming

Sirs:

The review of the play *Conduct Unbecoming* is, as I see it, unbecoming to your journal. What Stanley Kauffmann wrote (Nov. 7) is not a critique of the play but rather a lamentation over the fact that the audience enjoyed a play which he did not admire. In essence, he condemned the play because it does not deal with a burning social issue—the war, racial conflict, urban decay, homosexuality, etc. "This trivial play," says Kauffmann, "doesn't say anything."

This premise – that a play is to be judged by whether it fits into a dogmatic pattern or formula – is questionable. Is the theater not broad enough to accommodate plays of many types? Does Kauffmann mean that fantasy, playful satire, or mystery (he speaks of Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap* with patronizing contempt) or any other variety of play must be brushed aside? Surely the stage can shelter Noel Coward as well as Eugene O'Neill, Neil Simon as well as Arthur Miller. The fact that the audience enjoyed the play ("Thank God, a play! Harry, doesn't it take you back?") disturbs Mr. Kauffmann. If he is incapable of sharing or even understanding their enjoyment of a well-made and skillfully staged play, such as *Conduct Unbecoming* – he has no business writing criticism.

Even on his own ground, Mr. Kauffmann is dead wrong in stating that this play doesn't "say" anything . . . *Conduct Unbecoming* has much to "say" about the brutalizing effect of barracks life; something about the value of a code of honor; something about alienation and the generation gap; much about love and its perversion. The play is concerned deeply with justice and as such is in the company of *Inherit the Wind* and *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*. Every playgoer draws his own inferences, often unverbalized, as to what a play means to him. He senses intuitively the quality of his theater experience. It is the critic's job to make these intuitions more articulate, not to reject them.

And this brings me to Mr. Kauffmann's most unforgivable sin in this review. "It is not," he writes, "a far or far-fetched step from the public reception of *Conduct Unbecoming* to the popularity of Spiro Agnew." Those who enjoyed the play, he explains, belong to the same "widespread, previously subterranean majority" who, like Agnew, who want to turn the clock back and who turn their backs on "the entire course of the last two centuries" of progress in "politics, social behavior, and the arts." I do not know how to respond to this gratuitous insult to the intelligence of the readers of *The New Republic* who happened to enjoy the play. This startling exposure of the dark layers of Mr. Kauffmann's psyche leaves me, for one, with the uncomfortable feeling that I can never again trust his critical judgments.

Alfred T. Vogel
New York, NY

In reply . . .

Who could disagree with Mr. Vogel's comment about avoiding formula – or with any of his friendly advice? Where he and I part company is in value judgment. "A well-made and skillfully staged play," for instance. And if *Conduct Unbecoming* really deals with the themes that Mr. Vogel mentions, then *Hello, Dolly* deals with the Protestant Ethic and an augury of Women's Lib.

I italicized that I was *not* saying that every admirer of this play is an Agnew fan. My point was simply this: the success of *Conduct Unbecoming* is a reminder that the theater's vanguard is by no means all the theater; that the majority of the audience is not interested in artistic adventure; and that there is (I believe) a parallel between the majority that does not want artistic innovation and the majority that does not want social-political innovation, since both innovations mean revision of values. My article was meant as a small jolt to the minority's belief (myself included) in the inevitability of progress in both spheres.

Stanley Kauffmann

English

Sirs:

Reed Whittemore ("English Department Ills," Nov. 7). writes that "Literature as we have known it is somewhere, somehow seeping out the door. And language as we have known it has the seeps too. . . ." Now this is precisely the kind of woe which has been cried

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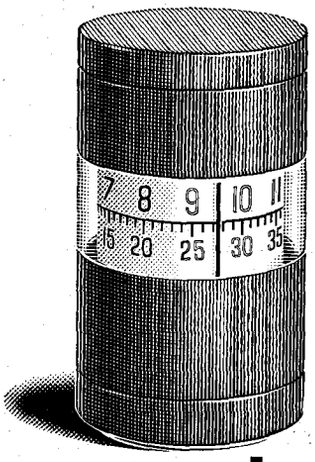

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Whittemore seems to suggest that change can be arrested, or at least slowed, if English teachers will just hang in there, dedicated to beautiful literature. But English departments don't have that power, even if the professors could get together and agree on what is desirable. To propose that English departments do have that power makes as much sense as suggesting that the US Weather Bureau controls blue skies, or that ducks will stay in Canada unless men in the United States seize shotguns each fall and fire skyward.

No living natural language is static, whether or not an academy is established to try to make it so. The role of a literature scholar is not to arrest change, but to assist others in understanding good things of the past.

Don H. Coombs
The ERIC Clearinghouse on Educational Media and Technology
Stanford University

In Reply:

I quite specifically said that English Departments do *not* have the power to prevent such changes as are now occurring. And I did not mean to suggest that English Departments are opposed to change. I think it is obvious that studies in English are as much studies in change as studies in permanence, so my "seepage" remark was directed at the character and extent of the changes now occurring, by which the authority of the past and of old graybeards is beginning to cut no ice at all. It is under such conditions that the English teacher has a conservative look about him; yet this conservatism may amount to no more than a faith that there is contemporary merit in literature written before 1956, or that rules and forms of language, though subject to gradual change, deserve our attention and respect. Both these elementary postulates are now held in deep suspicion in many places on campus.

More on this in my review in this issue. *Reed Whittemore*

Fire Ants

Sirs:

I was amused in one way and astounded in another to read about Bill Murray's not-so-brief encounter with the Fire

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Ant. In the article entitled, "Birds and Bees," (*NR*, October 31) he is quoted as saying, "I saw for myself. I kicked off the top of a mound, stuck my hand in and let it get stung ten or twelve times." Generally, only one encounter with the fire ant is enough to induce withdrawal of the affected part of one's body. Bill is either insensitive or exaggerating.

Regardless of this argument, however, he may serve as an example of the kind of man the Fed is entrusting with its pesticide program. He is obviously the walking advocate of more and more use of harder and harder pesticides and yet he is supposed to maintain an officially noncommittal position on uses of pesticides. He is, contrary to your article, not the chairman of the interagency committee that reviews pesticide programs, but the executive secretary of that group. He is obviously abrogating the sworn responsibilities of his job by voicing an opinion one way or the other, i.e. he is paid to be neutral.

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Robert S. Davis
Charlottesville, Va.

Understanding Pound

Sirs:

One of the main points in Professor Hugh Kenner's review of my *Life of Ezra Pound* (Oct. 17) seems to be constructed out of error and misunderstanding. I refer to the matter of Pound's visit to the church of San Zeno, Verona, in 1911, with William Carlos William's brother, my inadequate reporting of which has, it seems, a lot to do with my inability to understand Mr. Pound's *Cantos*. . . .

In *Patria Mia* written in 1912–13 Pound recorded the visit thus:

> I was discussing the conditions of our architecture with a man who has what is I suppose our 'Prix de Rome'; at least there are ten Americans kept in the eternal city to learn all they can of the ancient excellence of painting, architecture and sculpture. And he and I were examining Italy. In 'San Zeno' at Verona, one finds columns with the artisan's signature at the base. Thus: *'Me Mateus fecit.'* That is what we have not and can not have where columns are ordered by the gross. And this is a matter of 'industrial conditions.'

Nothing there about the connexion between usury, art and civilization, in fact none of the things the reader might be led to expect from Professor Kenner's lengthy comments. For this reason: Ezra Pound in 1911 was not yet in a position to draw the facts and ideas together; usury was still in the future – as any literate reader may discover who follows the facts of Pound's development in my book.

Noel Stock,
University of Toledo

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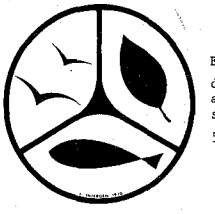

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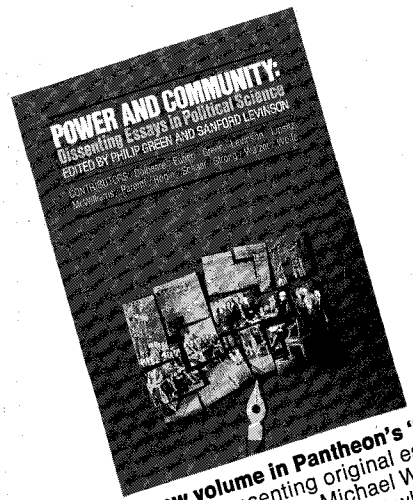

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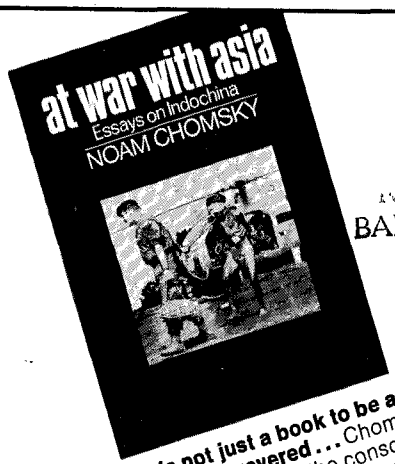

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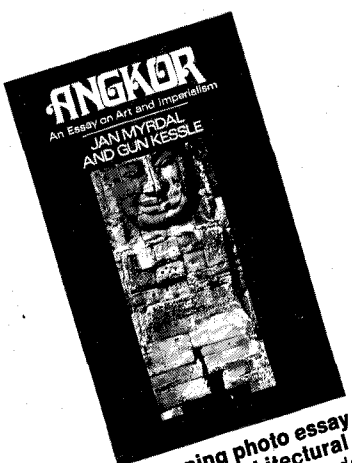

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